

O X F O R D
D R O L L E R Y :

Being NEW

P O E M S,
AND
S O N G S.

The first Part, composed by *W. Hickes.*

The Second and Third Parts being upon several occasions, made by the most Eminent and Ingenious Wits of the said University. And Collected by the same Author.

The like never before published.

O X F O R D,

Printed by B.G. and are to be sold by *Dan. Major* and *Tho. Orrel* at the Flying-horse, and Hand and Scepter against St. *Dunstons* Church in *Fleet-street.* 1679.

K. Flicker (W)

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To the READER.

Reader,

I Now appear a second time in Print, in't
Urg'd by some friends, who think there's something
Worthy thy view : if so, and that content
May sit upon thy brow : be confident
I shall requite it : For I have been nibbling
At something else, call'd by th' vulgar quibbling,
Which will appear in a more modern dress
Than I have known, or seen come out o' th' Press.
Ple say no more, lest I come off bluely,
And take my leave this twenty sixth of July,
The very day on which so loud it thundred,
In Anno seventy just, and sixteen hundred :
Dated, yea dated at Shipton upon Charwel,
Some four short miles from Oxford : so farewell

W. Hicker.

Books sold by Thomas Palmer at the Sign of the
Crown in Westminster-Hall.

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present State of that Court, made at the late
Council of *Pregadis*, in two curious Discourses, by
the most excellent the Lord *Angelo Corraro* Ambassa-
dor from the most Serene Republick of *Venice*, writ-
ten in Italian and made English, by *John Burtol*
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and whoredoms of the Popes Cardinals and Clergy
of *Rome*; discovered by a Conclave of Ladies, con-
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an by the Author of *Cardinalism* and *Nepotisme*, and
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Twelves, price 1. s. 6. d.

Cupid's Courtship, or the Celebration of a Marri-
age betwixt the god of Love and *Psiche* in a Droll-
Poem, by the Author of the *English Rogue* in *Ottavo*,
price 1. s.



Oxford Drollery.

The first Part.

A Bull Droll.

*Tune is, I prethee sweet heart come tell me and
do not lye now.*

I Le tell you a jest I never did know in my life
Of a man that was marry'd before he met with his
wife.
He kist her and culd her, and led her hither and
And marry'd they were before they came together,
Herbelly was up before she was got with childe
Which made him with madness grow frantick, tame
and milde.
And she to excuse it told him then in scorne (borne,
T'was gotten some threescore years before it was
My troth, quoth he, I never saw such another,
That the child should be gotten, before the father
and mother.

A

Then

Oxford Drollery.

Then upstart Dick that was both tame and milde,
And foriously he began to excuse this child.
Quoth he about some fifty yeares agoe,
I met this child a walking to and fro,
With a basket of butter-milk hanging on his arme
And a Cloak of Snow to keep his body warme
My little Boy quoth he, now we are mer,
Wee'l walk a mile together, so down we set;
And as we fate me thought he walkt too fast.
And by sitting still, did make the greater haste.
Then I in silence askt him whe'r he was able,
To let me know his life and's death from's cradle
He sat him down and pausd a little while,
And with a sad and mournful look did smile.
Quoth he Ile tell you more then I do know,
And when you find it true you'l sweare tis so.
My father was single before he marryed a wife,
And Weaving of Oaken Planks was his trade of life.
My mother was a pious of peace's Clarke,
And Joyning of bodies was her trade in the dark.
And in that same manner was got I know,
Came before I was born my mother did tell me so.
My mother was cleanly too, I now must tell ye,
Both for the back and also for the belly.
She once did go to milk in dirty weather,
And dag'd her coats so that they stuck together,
And there it hung from Candlemas until May,
Then she took a Hatchet and chopt it clean away.

And

Oxford Drollery.

3

And when she went ith' field to milk her Cow
 She milke in the pail wherein she set d her Sow.
 She alwayes set her foot upon a block,
 And strain'd her Milk throught the skirt of her Smock
 And when she laid her Cheese upon the shelf,
 She never would touch it till it could turn it self.
 And when she went with her Butter to th' market c'oss;
 No other signe was but the print of her Thumb.
 She never us'd to make her Butter i' th' Churm,
 For she said it neither would be good nor fi. me.
 Nor made it not as other women do.
 But with her Bum she kneads it to and fi o,
 One thing now must I tell you for her honour,
 She once had got a looseness strong upon her
 Then we desir'd her let alone the Butter
 At that same time least any out should flutter,
 She told us no, and gave us reasons store.
 Which we in conscience could desire no more,
 Quoth she when that's got in, the dish is the fuller
 And it makes it of a lovely yellow colour,
 And being so the fitter 'tis for sale,
 For the Butter's never good that looketh pale,
 And they that would not row believe her reason;
 'Tis fit they should tast her Butter being in season.
 She never would be drunk with any men;
 But alwayes sometimes, for most part, now and then.
 Her going to the Alehouse was not thought a crime,
 For while they sat there she spun her thread of
 time.

A 2

And

Oxford Drollery.

And what she spun, she reeled all the way,
That often I have heard my Father to say,
No man was so blest nor happy in a Wife as he
For cleanliness, comeliness, and for modesty.
Nay, I had two Aunts, the Sisters of my Mother,
For cleanliness you could not know one from t'other,
And yet my Mother was the best of the three,
That you all must say a cleanly woman was she.

The second Part of the Bull Droll.

MY Father once did sit him down to spin, (skin;
And She for's Dinner did boil him a Hare: th;
O Wife, quoth he, methinks 'tis very tough,
'T may be, quoth she, it is not boild enough;
And lest that it, my Dear, shou'd make you sick,
We'll boil it agen, and 'twill make the Porridge thick;
Then unto his Dinner he beg in to fall,
And put a piece in's chop: skin, hare, and all;
Which stuck so fast he could not get it down,
Spue't up agen, quoth she, thou arrant Clown;
She then took up the dish, skin, hare, and all,
And held it so that none beside shou'd fall;
Then he began to k ck with might and main,
But striving so hard he brake his Arseguin;
She fearing then the other way 'twould come,
She turn'd about and clay'd it to his Bum;

And

Oxford Drollery:

5

And just as she the dish had turn'd alow,
It flounc'd so fast that it came whirling out;
O now, quoth she we shall have dain yf ore,
For we have got most excellent sauce to th' Hare;
With striving he began to huff and puff,
Hold, hold, quoth she, I think we have enough;
Of Vinegar and Mustard we have store,
I pray good Husband let us have no more;
And holding down her head so near his Rum,
To satisfie her self whither all nere come;
It came so fast it danc'd her pretty Face,
Her Gown and Ruff in a most pitifull case;
Had you but seen how it did lye in Flakes,
By th' smell and sight you'd think't had been a Jakes;
To cleanse it then her wit was at a stand,
At last into the sauce she dip'd her hand;
And with the thinnest part did wash her Face,
Just o're the dish, a most convenient place;
And with her Husbands Shirt, much like a Tripe,
She at that time her lovely Face did wipe;
And with the same she also wip'd his Cock,
His Thighs, his Leggs, and also his Buttock;
Then unto Dinner down they both did sit,
And just as he in's mouth had put a bit,
He told her that the sauce was very soure,
And pray'd her that some Sugar in she'd pover;
She quickly rose, and nimble put it in,
And with her hand did stir the thick and thin;

Methinks quoth he it now hath got a favour,
 Yes, yes, quoth she, I may thank you for that favour.
 For had it not from your blind cheeks come,
 We had din'd to day no better then Jack drum.
 And just as they together sate at dinner,
 A man came in who the day before had gin her.
 A pot or two of nappy Ale and Beer,
 Then they invited him to their good cheare.
 And being sate he had not sitten long,
 Fugh, fough, quoth he, methinks 'tis very strong.
 In truth quoth she the Hare's as sweet as a Nut,
 And the sauce is the Juice of my poore husbands gut.
 Then he fell to as if 't had been for's life,
 And wish't that he had there his loving wife,
 Who might partake of that same lovely dish,
 Quoth he and she we both the same doe wish.
 He eat so much his gutts began to rumble,
 His head to ake, and his stomach for to grumble.
 Methinks quoth she your stomach's very queasy,
 That such a good dish as this should e're disease you.
 Oh! Oh! quoth he I find I am almost dead,
 Then she poore heart began to hold his head.
 And sent her husband for to fetch him a Cap,
 But before it came, he spued up all in. p.
 She took up her apron and shook it clean away,
 And with it wip't his mouth, then down he lays
 She from a Chamberpot that stood hard by,
 Took out a Cordial for his malady.

And

Oxford Drillery!

2

And smelling it the sent did not him please,
But swore the remedy was worse then the disease.
And having slept, he then did sweat again,
And she with the Coverlet did rub him clean.
Then up he got and crawl'd unto the dore,
And being come home, unto his wife he swore,
That he wou'd never more touch any Hair,
Be it nere so good; husband says she forswear,
For if you mean that hair-brain'd o' to keep,
You never more in bed with me shall sleep.
For 'tis the greatest credit you e're can have,
A Hair-finder to be counted to your grave.

Thus have you seen, felt, heard, and understood,
The life of my dear parents and their food,
Which i'th' good I think I then have fit yet,
And so fall to and Ile say much goodditt'y.
And so I take my leave, without any p'ring,
For my fathers purging much did stint his farting.

On a well featur'd Gentlewoman.

IN rime dear love I humbly crave the favour,
Thy unparallel'd parts to blaze: that so a favour
May remain unto posterity: least when,
Our Poets should begin to write agen,

Of Beauty they for want thereof might say,
 For want of thee all Beauty's fled away :
 And having nought to work on will conclude,
 Whatsoe're they do 'twill be but bald and rude ;
 Which to prevent the Fates have thought it fit
 Thy Pattern them to leave to write by it.

First, for her Head it is oth' largest size,
 By which you must conclude she's very wise :
 Then for her Hair, of a burnish'd Carret colour,
 Which to look on would make ones eyes the duller,
 Mix'd with a White as Orient as the Pearl,
 That you may almost say, she's a White-hair'd Girl :
 And then for strength, I swear by th' Bacon Gammon
 Six twisted Hairs did pluck up a lusty Sammon,
 And all confess that strength of Hair's a Jewel,
 Was not *Samson* so till's *Dalilah* prov'd cruel ;
 Besides, it is so thin, that you may plain
 See round her Head the colour of every Vein :
 In short, it is o'ch' Oval form, by which we gather,
 She is a Bird of Paradise, or the Egg rather.

Then for her Ears, a great and goodly pair,
 Just like two Hucksters Pouches when they open are
 Had they but strings to tie 'em round about, (ont
 'T would keep the Civit in which still is wheezing
 And at each Ear wherein two Rings are plac'd,
 Two Jack-weights hang, whereby she's hugely grac'd.
 Then

Oxford Drollery.

Then for her Brow, indeed it is as smooth
As a pleated Gown i'th' back : (yes in good sooth)
Or an ancient pair of Trunk-hose, and so high
That it hangs prettily over either eye,
Which are so wedg'd in that I am proud
To call them fools that think she's beetle Browd.

Nay. her Eyes so little are, so fine, so hallow,
You'd think her Head does lovingly them swallow;
Not too low neither for she will not fail ye,
To send some messengers unto ye daily;
And to each corner of them kindly sends,
A juicy cream to entertain her friends;
'Tis curd'd at the last, grows very large,
Where to secure her Eye-sight she gives it charge
To stay; from whence her wit doth also flow, that we
Of the old Proverb may make a veritee,
That a great Head has little wit that's clear,
I'm confident the cream o'th' jest lies there;
They are circled also with so pure a red,
Vermilion it self it striketh dead;
Nay more than that, that I your bloods might stir all
It doth excell the purest deepest Corral;

Then for her Rams-horn Nose, poor thing it is
The greatest wonder of all the rest; for this
Being one, yet of a double kind doth share,
For one o'th' Spouts doth run so fast, you'd swear

A Foot-

Oxford Drollery.

A footman did beget it, and the other,
Quite contrary to its tother brother.
Runs not at all; but baggs it self within,
Unless sometimes it steal down to the Chir.
And sometimes lower; it may be to the wattle,
But up it goes agen with greater haste.
But with such loving order, that at passing by,
It with the Ruby chin shakes hands truly.
But when by th' Snowy lip it glides it kisses,
O whoo'd desire more comfortable blisses.
Then tast of that, soft Sir, meat for your master,
Not every one must be an Ambrosian Taster.
But the Lipp sometimes o'rejoyed with the taste,
Laps it quite in, fearing it too much haste. (low.
In going back agen, which the poore heart dos swal-
Pless'd with the rarity of colour, Green and Yellow
It has a dent o' th top just like a War-Horse Saddle,
Or like the crooked end of an Iron Paddle.
Nay the resplendency of its beames is such,
The Carbuncle in's glory's not half so much.

Then for lips a great and goodly pair,
A Cowe's are scarce so big, not half so rare.
Nay the purest Silver, it they have fair play,
They may compare with it, 'tis not so white as they.
On the top of which, lest cold should do her harme,
They're thatcht with hair poor heart to keep her
warm.

And

Oxford Drollery.

11

And at each corner when shee's pleas'd to eate,
A Snowy froth doth hang to season all her meat.
Then for her Mouth so lovely wide (poor wretch)
From ear to ear she alwaies doth it stretch.
And though some peoples mouthes are very narrow,
Yet she by her mothers side descended from a Spar-
A penny loafe goes in with little adoe, (crow.
Being butter'd with the froth that hangs thereto.

Then for her tongue, the Cows is not more Neat,
For roughnes and for bignes so compleate,
That if you saw the Cowes and hers together,
You'd question which had loveliest tongue of either.
And when she speakes Thunder is not so lowd
It self: of which shees not a little proud.
Nay more then that when she is pleas'd to sing,
The hills some 2 miles off will eccho with the ring.

Her teeth are of a comely Watcher hue,
For those smal store she has, indeed they are very few,
For being almost toothless, we may say,
That she's a harmeless creature: and I'll lay
A wager, for their colour they shall vie,
With the truest Turkeys stone for truest die.
Nay there is hope that she will e're long,
Loose those she has, by her daily clapping tongue,
Which shee's so us'd to, that it needs must soften,
The poor remainder, by being jogg'd so often.

Taen

Oxford Drollery?

Then for her breath it is so very strong,
That dead men smelling it, it will their lives pro-
(long.

Her cheeks like duggs do flag about, and swags
Still up and down like two good leathern bags;
And then for paleness, this I needs must tell ye,
They may compare with the very whitest lilly.

Then for her chin, I will you not much trouble
With the description, it is some ten times double,
And double chins are counted ornamental,
At which a snotty jewel hangs most oriental.

And under which a neck of colour tawny,
Which is the Turks true beauty: a pair of brawny
Arms, and Shoulders to support it: at which
Two hands are fastened, that go thorow stich.
Have you seen a good large shoulder of Mutton.
One hand of hers, I warrant you for a button,
Be't spoke unto her most eternal fame, (same,
It excels in breadth, in thickness, and in length the
And to each finger to warble it on the Citerne,
Fine nails she has like to the claws of a *Fittern*,
Her fingers are not long, that's to make leather
dear.

The longest scarce an inch, but lovely thick I swear,
And least her fingers shortness should do her wrong,
Her nails that want supplies, they be so very long.
And

And as I have been told her Grannum being dead,
Did rise again; and to believ^t I am lead
By this same reason; 'cause we a story have,
That long nails scratch their Grannum out o' th'
Grave.

Besides all this; she has another gift,
To have no waste at all, there's so much thrift,
And having then no waste, shee needs must make
favour,

When she is pleas'd behind to let us taste her favour;
Which from her blind cheeks, when it out doth come
'T would do ones heart good then to be out o' th' room
But if the room be clos as many times they are,
In two hours time be sure you must not enter there,
For with one crack I heard it from a brother,
She blew a Stool from one end of the room to t' other

Her breasts like satchels, hang below her belly,
To hide the thing you wot of; et which to tell you,
I am much asham'd, but yet be rul'd by me,
Not once to tast of the forbidden-tree,
Least searching further than is fit to pass,
Instead of fruit as *Medlars*, you embrace an *Open-arse*

Then to support this glorious Fabrick, enter
A brace of lovely thighs, neighbours o' th' venter.
Which lawfully we may call lusty columns,
In praise of which one may write many volumns.

And

And all too little, because they are too big,
 And serve her brave to dance a merry jig, (plenty)
 Which when the doe's, though of pillars there are
 Yet to support the room we then had need of twenty
 For when the bum (poor thing) at any time doth crack
 The thighs so near needs must hear it speak.
 Indeed it is a comfort being posselt with griefe,
 To impart ones mind to those that may afford reliefe.
 My meaning's thus, as being over-hot,
 The wind from thence would cool a boyling pot.
 Then for her Leggs, as strait as any Bow.
 Which you will quickly find if you but peep below
 And for her calf the how I say doth mean
 To increase it much, because it is to leane.
 And to increase it's calf, as I said before,
 She daily feeds on Veal, and that good store.
 For the calf and small an bignes are so even,
 That one to decide it, was of his wits bereaven.
 And for her small it is so very big,
 It covers both her Ankle, that you must dig
 To see 'um: which brings me to her Feet,
 Which does me good to see her heels to meet,
 In such an orderly pace, that were the Snail
 And She to foot it, I question who I prevaile,
 And as the Snail does leave a slimy lee,
 So the lean earth's larded when she mends her pace.

Her

Oxford Drollery.

15

Her feet are like her hands both thick and short;
A Horse-foot may compare to 'em in any sort.
Which makes me leave 'em, and I loudly come to her
Toes.
Desiring that thou that heat it to stop thy nose.
Or else the sent will teach thee patience.
And she is call'd Mirriss fur reverence.

Postscript.

*And is not she in vertues very zealous,
Of which no man can possibly be jealous.
I'll sum up all in this, to make some sport,
That though she storge's long, yet she's but short.*

*An Elegy on the death of John Seamore formerly a
Tailor, but lately Water-carrier, Fenceller and Porter
to Mr. Brome Whorwood at Halton near
Oxford, Drown'd in his Moat on a Christ-
mas eve in a great frost, he was
seventy yeares old.*

Why death did honest John so soon remove,
A wonder 'tis to me I do protest.
Unless that death came to him out of love,
And told him now 'twas time to take his rest.

For

For seventy winters, and to each a summer,
 He has poor Heart been a patient overcomer,
 Yet now I think on't, I have found his end,
 'Cause he in's life, to th' water ne're was friend,
 For on his shoulders this I needs must say,
 He was the cause much water was made away.
 And so the water being now in passion
 Made him away, as it were, by retaliation;
 For since the frost, I this must say of *John*
 For to provok' he oft it trampled on,
 Or did the waters to them think him cruel,
 'Cause to their antagonist fire, he added fuel,
 For they being put within a brazen womb
 Instead of friendship there, they found a tomb,
 Nay more then that, its fury to provoke,
 He caus'd some waters to evaporate in smoke,
 And that same smoke to do him a despight,
 Flew into's eyes, that he could not see that night,
 I am sure he had no moat in's eye, for he
 Found it so dark the moat he could not see;
 I rather think 't a beam by his often carrying wood,
 And you'l think so too if it be rightly understood,
 Or did he think the moat not deep enough,
 But he more Sea must add, and to make proof
 Thereof must in himself: come I dare swear,
 He took more water out, then he brought there:
 Or did he think to store it with Jackes agen,
 And so himself the first that should come in;

If it be so, then *Jack* I needs must tell ye,
You should have put a Female in their Belly;
For 'tis not now as in the Creation
We admit secondary causes to work upon;
Or being a Taylor did he think to wind
Up the bottom o' th' Moat, and there to find
His thred of life, and through his Needles eye,
To go to Heaven, being poor, when he should die;
And for his Shears he ne're a couple saw,
For out of *Oxfordshire* he ne're his breath did draw;
Or was he at that time so very a Gull
To think the Moat was but a Thimble full;
For this I'm confident his Yard could ne're
Reach to th' bottom, so deep the place was there;
Nay, had his Goose been there I date boldly say,
It would have drowned been before 't had gone away;
He thought with's Bodkin to make ey-ler hole
Th' water, but 't prov'd an inlet to him poor soul;
In no mans business he ever had an itch,
But in's own alwayes went thorow stich;
To wrastle with him once I gave a double Jugg,
But in grappling with him gave a Cornish hugg,
That down I fell and griev'd that e're his skill try'd
For ever since I have had a stich in my side.
'Tis a sign he a Porter was, for at one knock
The Ice did open, and to him unlock
Its watry Gate, and nimbly tock him in,
As if by him alone it had commanded been.

Yet great respect then he to some did give,
 For he bare-headed entred as I hope to live;
 But 't was to *Neptune* and's Ladies as I hear,
 Thinking they their Christmas did keep there;
 If it be so, / think it was well done,
 For *Neptune* told him that his Glass was run;
 For quickly he came thither, I can't say quick,
 Being gone o' a sudden before he e're was sick;
 Let's not too rashly judge of *John* for I smell,
 He had holy thoughts in's Head, when down he fell,
 In thinking that the place was holy ground,
 For both his Shoes were off when we him found;
 If then in's Head and Feet he was so lowly-
 Minded, we needs must think the middle holy;
 But whether some or all were holy, this I know,
 The place it self was plain till he made it so.
 He was a Parsy fellow too, though very lean,
 For being taken up (I can't say clean)
 Within his inch-thick-Pockets there we found,
 Four lovely Purse-lapt up ten times round;
 Which stuffed were with two pences and pence,
 Which drew us near till the sent drave us thence;
 Which with antiquity, fat meat, and other geer,
 Were grown so soft, so il my, and so clear
 With dirt and grease, that gave us such a hogo,
 As would a poison'd lusty Mastive Dogo;
 Us altogether there in Folio,
 Wish'd that the Cook had brought us there an oleo;
 For

Part I. Oxford Drollery.

19

For those that saw the Pockets and Purses together,
Began to think they were made of stinking Leather.
He also was a well-bred man, for after Supper,
The gleaming Crusts he still put under's Crupper;
And lodg'd them there till morning, then up he gets,
Looks o're his board with smiles, then coughs and
spits;

To clear his pretty throat, then down he thrusts
Into his lovely Guts, the *quondam* crusts,
Which moistned were with something hanging by;
'Twas a pleasure to look on with neither eye,
Then shakes his Ears being seventy two in all,
With those two on's head, being over gone with the
fall;

Taen down for's second Breakfast goes a pace,
But thorow too much hast once did break his face;
Which Neighbours hearing nimbly they came thi-
ther,

And with Henbane and Hogs-dung, 'twas quickly
clos'd togeter;

Taen one of an ancient house, call'd Master death
him summons,

To come away to him and he would mend his com-
By putting him into a new several ground, (mons;
Which seems to me as if it were a Pound;

Jack hearing that sweet voice came gaping all the
way,

And with his two great speed did make himself a-
way;

Is it so then *John*, it was thy fault
That Death to quench his thirst made thee his
Draught:

But be it so or not, my Faith's the stronger
I think he dyed cause he could live no longer,
And being gone this is all can be sed
A seventy years of age is time to go to bed.
I dare not *exit* add, for without all doubt
His falling in did kill him, not his going out.

An Anagram on his Name John

See more.

Anag.

O I am on the Sea.

The Difficl.

SO I say too when he did trample on,
But being in, he now hath undergon;
To talk at random thou, O what a fool is he,
When he was in to say, O I am on the Se.

O thus,

John

John Seamore.

*Ro me i th' Ocean.**Distich.*

YOU see his Name implies a watry desire, (fire :
 O God forbid that any then should put him in toth'
 If he had said o'h' top the Ice had never broke,
 But row me in says he, and so? was as he spoke:
 To search into the deep was his desire poor man,
 Or else he'd ne'r e said, *Ro me i th' Ocean.*

*Two Parliament Troopers who lay sick in Scotland: In
 Imitation of the Song of Bow-Bells.*

1. **C**OME come away to the Tavern I say,
 Whilst we have time and leisure for to think
 I find our State lyes tottering of late,
 And that e're long we sh.'n' have time to drink.
 Then here's a health to thee, to thee and me,
 To me and thee, to thee and me.

2. I find beside that Lilly has been try'd,
 To toss the Stars and Planets on his Pen:
 But when that he into their depth did see,
 Concluded that sad fate attends our men.

*Yet we will merry be, a health to thee
And us, to me and thee, to thee and me.*

3. Besides our General, which fought for us all,
By God's afflicting hand does want relief,
And will e're long, march in the throng
Of death's own Army to command in chief.
*Yet we will merry be, for there will come,
For there will come as good as he.*

4. For nought but King on the peoples Tongues
doth ring,
Which makes our Grandees hearts go pit a pat,
Nay they do quake, and begin to stink at stake.
But here's to thee let them go look to that.
*And when he comes we'll cry,
God save King Charles and all the Royal Progeny.*

The Saraband.

Then *Lental* his name shall altered be,
For hee'd give all he has to be gone;
And *Martin* must fly as fast as he
With his *Mistresses* every one.

The President then shall one be made,

For *Derick* his Herauld shall be;

His Legs and his Arms they shall be display'd,

For a Broad-shew that all men may see.

And

Part I. Oxford Drollery.

23

And for the rest it will be thought fit
To taste of the President's Cup,
For they're most of them Gentlemen every whit,
Therefore they or their Arms must hang up.
Not a man will be seen to weep weep
For the loss of our English Bashaw,
But rather will joy to see them sleep
That so they may waken our Laws.

The new Scolding Wife.

Tune, Gossips Fro'ick.

1. **W** As ever man so vex'd with a Wife
As I poor *Humphrey Dory*,
For now I am weary of my life,
As you will find by the story.
For every night she beats me
And every day she cheats me,
She founces and kicks, and she plays her tricks
And this is the way she treats me.

2. When once a week but two pence I spend,
With my Neighbours at a meeting,
She presently after me doth send
And then she begins her greeting:

But when I do but come in Sir,
 Then she begins for to grin Sir,
 o kick and to fling, and to make the house ring,
 With a pox take yee where have you been Sir.

3. When then quoth I, I lately went out
 To speak with my Neighbour *Pury*
 But before I can turn my self about
 She flies at me like a Fury:
 How dare you go out o' th' doors Sir,
 And thus to run after Whores Sir;
 I'le make you to sit, to spin and to knit
 And never offend me more Sir.

4. Then down on my Mary-bones I fall,
 And I cry to her *peccavi*;
 Or else she begins to scold and to brawl,
 And swear all the Town shall not save ye,
 Nay if you do but quatch Sir,
 Or offer to draw the Latch Sir,
 I'le set up my note, and I'le hang you at Coat,
 And I think you have met with your match Sir.

The Scornful Lasse.

Tune, *The Gun-stem.*

1. **A** Gallant once did wooe a Lasse
 But she was wondrous coy;
 He told her he her Servant was
 And she his only joy.
 If thou quoth he, wilt wed with me,
 No other Girle I'll fancy,
 Troth no quoth she, it ne're will be,
 For you never shall bed with *Nancy*.

2. He daily did sollicit her
 With presents good and many,
 And told her that he honour'd her
 And lov'd her best of any.
 Your love quoth she, appears to me,
 Just like a poison'd Potion,
 Then never move me more with love,
 For I hate to hear the motion.

3. Then to her Parents he began
 To tell his doleful tale,
 And pray'd them lend their help in hand
 That so he might prevail.

They

They chid at her, she chid at him,
 And gave him ample warning,
 If e're she were forc'd to marry him,
 She vow'd that she would horn him.

I am sick quoth he, are you sick quoth she,
 But pray where lies your pain :
 At my heart quoth he, at your heart quoth she,
 Pray let it blood & ch' vein :
 'Twill kill quoth he, no matter quoth she,
 I would not have you recover :
 And on your Grave, this Motto I'll have,
 Here lies a foolish Lover.

A Song call'd my Mistress is all the Grinders.

Tune, Shackle de Day.

AND first she's counted Masculine,
 Because she's a Virago,
 And born at th' Indies under the Line
 At the Island call'd *Tobago*,
 Where she has deceiv'd full many a man,
 That they from her have quivering ran,
 As if they had had an ego.

2. Another

2. Another call'd her Feminine,
And swore she of that sex is,
'Cause when her Book they'd interline,

They never use Indexes,
For turn unto what place you will,
You'll alwayes find it open still,
Which never man perplexes.

3. Then I heard another say,
He thought she was a Neuter,
Because there came the other day
A Pupil and a Tutor;

But unto neither she'd incline,
Yet unto both would singly joyn,
That so they might recruit her.

4. Then I thought her the Common of two
From the couple left was there Sir,
And to her Parents gave their due
As *hic* and *hec* did swear Sir.

But if that she be Common to two,
Then she'll be so to me and you,
And therefore have a care Sir.

5. Then I thought her the Common of three,
hic, *hec* and *hoc* being with her,
And *Felix*, Ohappy was he
Did catch them all together.

And if that she common to three
 She'l ne're be true to you nor me,
 Nor constant unto either.

Then I thought, and so would you,
 She was of the doubtful Gender,
 For *hic vel hac*, and *dies* too

Did Day by Day attend her :
 And o'th' doubtful Gender if she be
 She'l doubtful be, to you and me
 Although we do befriend her,

7. And after we had scan'd her faults
 We found her much obscene a
 And set a period to our thoughts
 To call her *Epicæna*

Both he and she Hermaphrodite
 And *Aquila* did swear she was right,
 And call'd her Pocky Queens,

8. Thus I have shew'd my Mistress' eye
 Both Feminine, Mas' and Neuter,
 Nay Common of two and Common of three,
 And Doubtful to her Suiter,
 And *Epicæne* we may her call,
 Because she swears she owns them all,
 There's none that can confute her.

My Mistress understands all the Cases, and therefore
a great Lawyer.

Tune, *Shackle de Hay.*

1. MY Mistress she hath policy,
There's none can undermine her,
For underneath her self shall lie,
Yet I will not define her.
She all mens Cases makes her own,
'Cause she's to all their Cases known,
And therefore I'll decline her.

2. And first she is a Nominative
'Cause she declineth *women*
And in the A&I *nominative*
Denies nor Knights nor Yeomen
Nay she can name them all at large
That e're has saild within her Barge,
Whether they be tall or low men.

3. Next I call her Genitive
'Cause she's for procreation,
And she doth use a Lenitive
As a help to Generation.
Nay she's for getting all she can
From every stout begetting man,
The Best in all the Nation.

4. Then a Dative she is known,
 From do that was her Founder,
 And before you quick falls down,
 And lies as flat as a Flownder.
 But whatsoever she doth give
 She ten times more doth still receive,
 Which seems to me a wonder.

5. I then Accusative her call
 When ever they neglect her,
 For she will curse and blame them all
 Because they do reject her.
 But when her blaming fit is o're,
 You then may enter her Portall Door,
 And calls you her Protector.

6. Nay all do call her Vocative
 Because she has a Vocation,
 And has an Art provocative
 To invite 'em to her Station.
 But when they offer to go away,
 Then O she cries, Whoop Holiday,
 Let's use Conglutination.

7. Last I call her Ablative
 Because she's alwayes taking,
 And though her Suffers much do give,
 Yet she will still be taking.

For

Part I. Oxford Drollery 388

For in, with, through, for, by, and than
A-e the signs by which she knows the man
Must set her Oven a baking.

8. Thus from the first to the Ablative,
You see she knows the way Sir,
For when I met her at Babluck-bive
Near Oxford she did say Sir,
That she 'ad a Case for every man,
And put him to't do what he can,
And still will hold him play Sir.

A Song.

Tune, *Why should Betty now slight my Love.*

1. **VV**Hy should Cæ'ia now be coy,
Since that she and I were so free
To all embraces, and destroy
The frame of Love in its Infancy.
Is't because my Flocks from many
Now reduced are to few:
Know my Cæ'ia that to gain you
I did sell 'em off, and did sell 'em off
For Fancies and for Knacks for you.

328 Oxford Drollery: Part I.

2. Or is 'cause you fancy ranging,
 That your love, to me the less,
 Know my *Calia* that in changing,
 You the fire of Love suppresses,
 And from thence will raise a humour,
 That you never can alay,
 Which will swell to such a tumour,
 That you never can, Fancy any man
 Longer then a night or day.

Or d'e think my thoughts will ramble,
 After another me, ner face
 And like the common-Lover scramble
 Every day for a new embrace.
 When thy strong magnetice power
 Such an influence hath on me
 That were I to receive a dower,
 Though the greatest shee, or prettiest shee,
 Yet I'd constant be to thee.

Quoth He, and Quoth She.

Tune: The new Fig.

WHY Nanny quoth he, Why Janny quoth she,
 Your will Sir,
 I love thee quoth he, Do you love me quoth she,
 Do so still Sir,

Pde

Part I. Oxford Drollery. 33

I'd gi'thee quoth he, Wou'd you gi'me quoth she,
But what Sir?

Why, some mony quoth he, O, some mony quoth she,
Let me ha'c Sir.

2 I'de ha'thee quoth he, Wou'd you ha'me quoth she,
But where Sir?

To my chamber quoth he, To your chamber qth. she,
Why there Sir?

I'd kiss thee quoth he, Wou'd you kiss me quoth she,
But when Sir?

Why now quoth he, Neither now quoth she,
Nor then Sir.

3 I'd hug thee quoth he, Wou'd you hug me qth. she,
How much Sir?

Why a little quoth he, 'Tis a little quoth she,
Not a touch Sir.

I am sickish quoth he, Are you sickish quoth she,
But why Sir?

'Cause you flight me quoth he, Do I flight you qth. she,
'Tis a lye Sir.

4 I'me dying quoth he, O dying quoth she,
Are you sure on't?

'Tis certain quoth he, If 't be certain quoth she,
There's no cure on't.

Then farewell quoth he, I and farewell quoth she
 My true love,
 I am going quoth he, So am I too quoth she,
 To a new Love.

A SONG.

Tune, The Ghosts at the Kings house.

I Alwayes resolv'd to be free from the charms,
 That Love with his subtilty e're cou'd invent.
 I kickt at his Deity, scorn'd at the harms,
 That he could inflict to abridge my content,
 But now I do find,
 That though the God he be blind,
 The mark he has hit, and hath changed my mind,
 Though a Child thought he be,
 Yet his Manhood I see,
 For with one poor shaft he hath conquered me.

2 I likewise before great beauties did see, (eyes,
 With charms in their tongues, and darts in their
 Who striv'd by their wiles to intoxicate me,
 But never till now they my heart could surprize,
 But now I do see,
 That a slave I must be
 To that which before was a servant to me,

For

For the angry God's dart,
Hath so pierced my heart,
No balm that's apply'd, but increaseth my smart.

3 And thus being plung'd in this Love in a maze,
This thing call'd a Labyrinth, where I reside,
Hath such turnings and windings, and so many waies
That none can get out unless by a Guide,

But my Guide is so coy,
Though my soul I imploy
To lye at her feet, yet my hopes shee'l destroy,
And rather than I
Will keep parl with her eye
To add to my bonds, I am resolved to dye.

A S O N G.

Tune, The Duke of Richmond's Frolick.

1 **A** Pox upon this paltry peevish, whining love;
I never more shall harbour in my breasts
I daily did with passion, and with presents move
This cruel she to give my soul some rest,
But she wou'd nere vouchsafe to grant reliefe,
By tongue or eye unto my penive mind,
I therefore thus resolve to ease my grief,
For evermore to hate all woman-kind.

2. For I've another Mistress got that's kind and fair,
 And sparkles more than ever did her eyes
 She's cloyster'd in a Pottle Pot and Debonair,
 And none but she can e're my heart surprise;
 'Tis she alone is my Landibrides,
 And my Canary-bird I do her call,
 Nay I'll embrace her though't be on the lees,
 And she shall be to me my all in all.

(crew,

3. Then farewell love and farewell all your subtle
 You're within my Mansion more shall bide,
 To all your witchcrafts and your wiles I bid adieu
 And all your charming Votaries beside.
 Nay rather than again I'll be your slave
 I'll court the pax, the pox both great and small,
 The plague to boot to bring me to my Grave,
 Or any thing else, nay court the Devil and all.

A Song on a Swain and his Mistress.

1. **D**own in a Valley enameled all with Flowers,
 I saw a Swain a pretty Lass a courting,
 They sat in a shade that periwig'd was like bowers,
 To keep out the Sun or any might see them a
 She look'd cherrily, (sporting.
 He sung merrily,

Chanting

Part I:

Oxford Drollery.

41

And if as I see, such virtue there be,
In one poor innocent kiss,
Ple give my estate; what e're be my fate;
To get such another as this:

3. For he that's possess'd with riches and honour
May meet with a cruel Dame
'Twill signifie until he has won her,
To answer his amorous flame. (talk;
Let him hunt, let him hawk, let him drink, let him
And strive to forget her disdain,
He ne're in his breast, will have any rest,
Untill he come to her again,

The Confident Gallant with her answer.

Tune.

Come my pretty Nan, I must be the man
That must enjoy thee,
If thou'lt be true to me, Ple be thy friend,
Nay Ple thy Champion be, nought shall annoy thee,
And will be true to thee unto the end.

Then

Then prethee be not coy, 'tis a foolish toy
 Which I desire,
 Knew'st thou the pleasure on't, thou'dst it require.
 Maiden-heads are things, that have bitter stings
 And no pleasure brings
 Till in the Arms of a Friend it expire.

Her Answer.

PRethee friend be gone, for I will ha' none
 Of thy embraces,
 Nor will be true to thee one single hour,
 For I have a friend, that I do intend
 To yield those graces,
 He, he, and only he, shall crop the Flower
 Though you say I'm coy, for a foolish toy,
 Yet I'll defie all,
 Though the Town Amoretto's should still me ply all.
 For a Maiden-head's a thing
 That has n'ere a sting
 And doth pleasure bring
 Unto the man when he finds she is loyal.

A SONG.

A S O N G.

To a Melancholly Tune.

1. **N**OW woe is me poor man
For I must love do what I can
All my striving is in vain
For Cupid he, so tortures me
I daily suffer pain.
O cruel destiny,
Thus to make us disagree
Either give her a heart of fire,
Or mine of Ice, that in a trice
May cool my fond desire.

Then will I adore thy Deity, and give
Thee all thy Attributes whilst I do live,
That all the world may then convinced be
Thou'rt not a God of power alone but equity.

Nay beside, an Altar I'll provide shall be
For ever dedicated unto thee:
On which a daily Sacrifice of Doves shall be
For ever offered up unto thy Deity.

The

The rising Gallant a SONG.

Tune, *Mrs. Mary's Delight.*

1. **C**ome hither my dearest, come hither to me,
 And I will be so loving to thee,
 As never was man before,
 Then gi' me thy heart and thou sha't ha' mine
 For if I may be certain o' thine,
 I'll never desire no more.
 Then unto my House we'l trip it away,
 And fit and provide for the wedding day,
 We'l dance, and we'l sing,
 And the Bells shall ring,
 And the Fiddlers round about us shall play.
2. Thy Body with rich apparel I'll deck,
 And round about thy Ivory Neck
 I'll place a chain of pearl,
 So round, and so good, so fair, and so neat
 That every one that chances to see't
 Will say thou 'rt a lovely Girl.
 Then be not so coy, but come away,
 And I'll embrace thee both night and day,
 I vow and swear,
 Thou sha't be my dear,
 And merrily we will sing and play.

3. The

Part I. Oxford Drollery?

45

3. The maid she stood off and blushing said,
I fear you mean to betray a maid
That never did love before,
For men will dissemble and cog and lie
And swear they'll love you faithfully
When they have another in store.
But if that you mean to be faithful and true
And that I should be so to you,
Be loving and kind,
And still in a mind,
Or else for evermore adieu,
-

The Doating Shepheard.

Tune, So good, so sweet, so all Divine,

1. **P**Oor Shepheard I am fallen in love,
And all my Sheep are gone astray,
When I but after them do move
To bring them back I loose my way,
For Love so tortures me that I
Do dying live and living die.

2. When my *Marina* doth appear
Bedeck't with Flowers and Garlands sweet
You'd think the graces all were there
And in her pretty face did meet
But when I look upon her eye,
I dying live, &c.

3. When

3. When I too my *Marina* go
 Expecting from her eye relief;
 Her cruel looks doth answer no
 Which fills my heart so full of grief
 That daily I do weep and cry,
 I dying live and living die,
4. Methinks 'tis strange that one so fair
 Should ever bear a cruel mind;
 The more I love, more I despair,
 And comfort from her none can find,
 Which makes me sigh and sobbing cry,
 I dying live and living die,
-

On a Maid that dyed for Love.

1. **VV**elcome death the cure of all my sorrow,
 Thou alone canst give me ease,
 For all delights my senses e're can borrow
 Never will my fancy please:
 For love has so transported me with sadness,
 That I languish in despair,
 And all degrees of love I find is madness,
 Which doth cause my grief and care,
2. When first these eyes of mine did but view him,
 O how my heart was inflam'd with love

But

But my repentance is that e're I knew him;
 Seeing he did unconstant prove:
 When he with sugered words did wooe me;
 Then my heart with joy was fill'd,
 But woe is me they did undoe me,
 And my tender heart hath kill'd!

3. Then farewell love, and farewell pleasure,
 Farewell all things of Delight,
 For I of grief have had my measure
 And to all I bid good night:
 Farewell to thee the cause of all my weeping
 Maist thou never thrive in love.
 For when that she has got thy heart in keeping,
 May she still unconstant prove.

An Answer to Faithless Swain, and to
 that Tune.

1. **I** Have loved long in vain, I have loved long in vain,
 For her unkindness caus'd my pain
 Yet wou'd she ne're wou'd leave me:
 I often beg'd her love again,
 But yet she did deceive me.

Oxford Drollery

Part 1.

2. *I courted her with constancy, I courted her with, &c.
But she with smiles did feed my eye,
Yet gave me no denial,
But when I came her love to try,
I found her then disloyal.*

3. *Her vows to me I did beleve, Her vows to me, &c.
Thinking such beauty cou'd ne're deceive,
But now I find my error,
For vows and oaths being broke will grieve
The Conscience still with terror.*

4. *I never more will beg her love, I never more, &c.
Since she did so unconstant prove
Nor strive for to obtain her,
The greatest loss I e're can have,
Will be if I should gain her.*

5. *Henceforth no Mistress e're shal have, Henceforth, &c.
Such power to make of me her slave
My freedom now I lecherish,
And all that do her favour crave
They'l find like mine' twill perish.*

The

*The Gaming Girl.**Tune, My Dog and I.*

1. **I** To a pretty Maid did go
To offer her my service free,
Her answer still to me was no,
But at the last we did agree,
And then I had her company.
2. Then I up to my Chamber went,
And she came up incontinently,
I found we both to th' sport were bent,
But she denyed through modesty,
And told me 'twas but foolery.
3. I then desir'd her to undress,
She told me no, it was a sin,
It told her she meant nothing less
Than play a Game at in and in,
And then she vow'd that she would win.
4. She then to th' Chamber door did go
And clos'd it fast with all her might,
And rang'd the Chamber to and fro
To see the cranney's all were right;
Then she began to use her flight.

D

5. She

5. She vow'd at passage she'd begin,
And after that at Irish play,
And when his man was enter'd in,
She'd hit and blot without delay,
And then at in and in would stay.
6. She all the Dice did take in hand
And striv'd at passage to be quick,
I suddenly was at a stand
And then she swore she'd shew me a trick,
So then we close to it both did stick.
7. Her's was an Ace, and mine a Tray,
And then a Cinque came quickly down:
I thought the duce was in her play,
She flung so fast it made me frown,
And then she vow'd all was her own.
8. I then began to pause a while,
But she about the Room did dance,
I ask'd her wherefore she did smile,
She told me 'cause it was her chance
To beat me though I us'd a Lance.
9. She then desir'd again to play,
And I as willing was as she,
She took the Dice without delay,
And she at passage us'd all three,
That I no more the Dice could see.

I, **Part I. Oxford Drollery.** 51

10. I told her then she us'd me ill,
The Dice being mine not let me throw,
She said in gaming she had skill,
To keep 'em whe'r I wou'd or no,
And when she pleas'd to let them go.
11. I found that I in prison was,
And that a looser I had been,
She said she lost as much alas
With me, although that she did win,
So we left off our in and in.
-

The bold Girl.

*A Gentleman being at pifs, she clap'd him on the
breech, and bid him turn the other
side, for that run out.*

*Tune, My Lady and her Maid being on a
merry Pin.*

I Lately went to pifs,
Within an ally by,
'Twas in the night, And I stood upright,
And no body then was nigh.

2. I presently heard a crew,
 'Mong which a high-flown Lads,
 She talk'd so loud among the crow'd,
 But the Devil knows who she was.
3. For she clap'd me on the breech,
 And bid me turn about,
 For the other side that was next the pales.
 She swore was running out.
4. I turn'd about to see her,
 But found it was too dark,
 Which made me ghes, she was no less
 Than a Deer of *Whetstone's* Park.
5. Henceforth I ne're will piss
 Against a Pale for fear
 Lest I should meet, in a narrow street,
 Some more out-lying Deer.

Loves Riddle.

Tune, Come sweetheart and let me love thee.

1. **L**ately I saw a very pretty Lads boy,
 Which made something stand upright,

Two

'Twas not the hair of my head by the mafs boy,
But a thing no Lady will flight.

'Tis sometimes mounting, sometimes flagging;
Sometimes quier, sometimes wagging;
Nay I have often known it bragging;
Yet did alwayes suffer los,.
And still came home by weeping crofs.

2. Nay I have often seen him stand to't,
Being accounted very stout,
And feldom ever put a hand to't
Till his brains were beaten out:
Then would he begin to palter,
And his courage quite did alter,
Nay his spirits all would falter:
None agen could make him do't
Until an hour or two's recruit.

3. Riddle me riddle me, then what this is,
That is fuch an uncouth thing,
Your Ladies think it the height of blifs
For to fhelter it under their wing:
O how finely they would praise it,
And endeavour still to raife it,
That poor thing 'twould quite amaze it,
Were it not of courage ftrong,
By forcing it to ftand fo long.

4. Then a Committee of gossiping Women
Needs would know what thing it was,
And vow'd they'd search both bond and Freeman,
For to know the certain cause,
The one said a white thing, to'ther said a black thing,
A third said a lean thing, a fourth said a fat thing,
Push quoth the Speaker, I know 'tis that thing
With which the Tinker doth stop our holes,
And he alwaies calls it his bag of tools.

5. Then having made an end of their prattle,
They sent for him in that waited without,
And all with their tongues did give him such a rattle
To force him to satisfie their scrupulous doubt,
Then poor heart he was forc'd for to shew it,
Push quoth they we every one do know it,
Yet we confess great respect we owe it,
Because it is our constant friend,
Then let's supple up our Sack and there's an end.

A SONG.

Tune, *The Tyrant hath stoln my dearest away.*

1. **H**E's not a true Lover that's faithless & troth-
For his actions discover a faith built on wind
When he swears, and forswears, and falters, & alters
And nothing appears but a treacherous mind:

Part I. Oxford Drollery.

55

But if ever he mean,
His hands for to clean,
From the just got aspersions of a manifest wrong,
He must look that he be,
For the future so free, (tongue.
As always that his heart may keep pace with his

2. For one being deceiv'd will prattle and tattle,
Or of honour bereav'd will still make a din;
Then nothing must serve but the carriage in marriage
To make up the breach of that capital sin,
Though the fault be but small,
Yet they'l chide and they'l brawl,
With fie out upon it my honour's undone,
Then still it to prevent,
And to purchase content,
Let your heart and your tongue be united in one.

(listed,

3. When the tongue and the heart are twisted and
In the Army of faith none can them divide,
Their cause being good, they'l venture to enter,
The hottest encounter what'e're them betide,
Though the Battle be strong,
And they hold them to't long,
By Sophistical practice to yield them disgrace,
Yet at last 'twill appear,
That their cause is so clear,
That all that withstood them will yield in the place,

The Perjur'd Maid.

Tune, *No more Clarinda shall thy charms.*

1. **P**OOR perjurd *Cælia* drench thine eyne
In never ceasing streams of brine,
Perhaps that salt effusion may
Bribe thy sharp destinies delay :

But if there be

A Deity,

Which takes revenge on Loves disdain,

Thy ruine must

Shew Heaven just,

Thou art already slain,

Thou art already slain.

2. Twice twenty times most solemnly
Didst thou oblige thy faith to me,
Conjuring all the powers above
The sure Testators of thy Love,

Yet at thy list,

Like Spiders twist,

This sacred ty's insiring'd and broke,

Though perjury

Will swallow'd be

The flames of Hell will choke,

The flames of Hell will choke.

3. Who

3. Who would have deem'd that precious mould
Of most Angelick features could,
Under those glorious orbs of light,
Have screen'd Impostures black as night :

Methinks those Rays,
Limm'd for the praise

O! Jove's skill in Imagery
Could not have been
Stain'd with the sin

Of Infidelity, of infidelity.

4. But truth was never solely bound
In beauteous extracts to be found,
Else thy most rich composure must
Have scorn'd the treason of a trust,

But woe is me,

Thy falsity,

Hath blurr'd thine honour, stabb'd thy friend,

And brought my years,

Through sighs and tears,

To an untimely end, to an untimely end.

5. How will my crying ashes call
For vengeance on thy criminal,
And the sharp furies of thy sence
Afflict thy guilty Conscience ;

Thy

Thy murder will,
 Implead thine ill,
 Whilest *Corydons* fresh gore did glide,
 Chiding along,
 To blaze thy wrong,
 And cruel homicide, and cruel homicide.

A Welch Song.

Tune, *Mrs. Margaret.*

1. **H**ur was tell hur now a pretty tale,
 Of hur Sweetheart live in *Wale*,
 How hur ever,
 Love hur never,
 Cause hur was look so very pale.
2. For when hur was to hur a wooing ride,
 O hur was make a great deal of love beside,
 But hur was cry,
 When Shinkin come nigh,
 That Shinkin with love was almost dyde.
3. Then hur was take her by the white hand,
 And lead hur over the Mountain Land,
 Was too well known,
 Was all hur own,
 But *Gwinith* still was at a stand.

4. Then

4. Then hur was take hur a Harp to try,
And play'd before hur melodiously,
But hur was run,
Before hur begun,
That Shiukin's eyes were great with cry.
5. Taen hur was sing hur a wisdom Song,
Was make in *London* creat while a gone,
Of hur puty bright,
But still hur slight,
That Shinkins love was quite adone.
6. Taen hur was reckon hur pettigree true,
From *Shinkin ap Morgan ap Rice ap Hugh*,
But hur was Jeer,
When Shinkin come near,
So hur was bid cruel *Guinish* adieu.

The pritty but constant Girl.

To a new Tune.

1. **M**Y name is honest *Jack*,
And I love bonny *Nell*,
I never can any thing lack,
She loves me so wondrous well.

2. My *Nelly* is frolick and free,
And, which in a Woman is rare,
She's constant and only to me
Although she be wondrous fair.
3. Her hair's of a lovely brown,
With a forehead both smooth and high,
On which her tresses hang down
To shelter her delicate eye.
4. Her eyes like two Diamonds shine,
And sparkle like stars in the skie,
Her cheeks are so plump and so fine,
And both of Rofy die.
5. Her lipps of a Coral hue,
Just like unto Rubies do show,
Her teeth a pearly crew,
And all are as white as Snow.
6. Her breasts are two rising mounts
Well set in an Ivory plain,
On which are two springing founts,
Each tip'd with a cherry in grain.
7. From her knee to her foot she's neat,
Her ancle is fine and lean,
Her small is it very compleat,
And her instep is high and clean.

8. The

8. The rest of her parts are good
You never need them try,
And if it be well understood
'Tis only for she and I.
-

The mock-song to the same Tune.

1. **M**Y Love is a pretty Lass
As any's in all the Town,
Her Face doth shine like brass,
And her skin of a tawny brown.
2. Her hairs of a lovely red,
With Horse-girth Ribbands ty'd,
And hangs about her head
Like Dog-locks beautifi'd.
3. Her forehead is low and rough,
Just like a pleated Gown,
Her ears are large and tough,
And alwayes hanging down.
4. Her eyes are sunk full low
Into her pretty head,
From whence a cream doth flow
That over her Face doth spread.

3. The

5. The one of her eyes are large
The other is very small,
Her mouth is like a Barge,
For length, and breadth, and all.
6. Her Nose of a Scarlet hue,
Well set with Jemms about,
And all do appear in view,
To adorn her delicate snout.
7. Though her Nose and Chin did Jarr,
Yet now they are perfect friends,
And though at distance were,
Now touch at both the ends.
8. Her teeth they are black and blue,
Her tongue, than the Cow's more neat,
Her lips of a Silver hue,
And thatch'd with hair compleat.
9. Her neck is thick and short,
Just like our brinded Cow,
And when she sings for sport,
She grunts like our old Sow.
10. Her shoulders and arms are strong,
And both of a lusty growth,
To which her hands belong
That are shoulders of mutton both;

11. Her

Part I. Oxford Drollery.

11. Her back it is high and plump,
That some have her credit defil'd;
By saying that above her rump,
She always did seem with Child.
12. There's never a Girl in the Town
Of her breasts can make such braggs;
They still are dangling down
Like half-fill'd pudding baggs.
13. Of her hanches she often boasts
Because they are very fair,
Her thighs are two Wind-mill posts,
So she'd need for the weight they bear.
14. Her leggs are lovely and great,
Which doth her credit maintain;
And therefore must needs be neat
Being born in crooked lane.
15. And now for her pretty feet,
They can her Arms display,
But to see how her heels do meer,
Now her toes are worn away.
16. Having heard the parts of my Dame,
I now do conclude my Droll,
And having no toes, her name
Is call'd stump-footed Moll.

The Despairing Lover.

Tune, *My Dog and I.*

1. **V**hen first I did *Clariffa* see
Among the Damsels daunce a round,
A qualm of love came over me
So great I ne're before had found,
That 'twas to me a mortal wound.

2. Her pretty feet, like little mice,
Came creeping out beneath her Gown,
But still they vanish'd in a trice
So nimbly she trip'd up and down,
You'd think she had not danc'd but flown.

3. Immediately they all did sing,
But when that she her voice did rear,
You'd think 'twas world no other thing,
Cou'd bring more pleasure to the ear,
And fix'd in her as in it's sphere.

4. She then did take a Lute to play,
That all the crew were in a maze,
And threw all other thoughts away,
To fix themselves on her to gaze,
And then they gave her all the praise.

5. All

5. All these but torments were to me,
Because I thought her all divine,
And that there was no Sympathy
Of Love in her to call her mine,
But only offer to her shrine.

6. Henceforth I never will behold
Her face, lest gazing on't I tie
My self to bondage, or so bold
To stand the dartings of her eye,
But only lye me down and die.

A Mock-song to Come my Daphny.

M. **C**ome my durty pug away
What the pox de'e mean to stay:

W. 'Tis Rowland calls, what would my Swine;

M. Come up you Whore 'tis time to dine,

Where Vulcan shall provide

A Whip to claw your hide:

W. Were I shut up within a Jaile

'Tis Rowland he must be my bail.

M. You pocky Whore make haste,

The meat at fire doth waste:

In thy arms so nasty I

Must for ever live and die

On thy mangy bosome stray,

Would fright, would fright, would I
fright the Devil away?

CHORUS

VV E'l howl and weep and ne're give o're,
Because the Fiends do see, do see

The cursed glee,

'Twixt thee and me,

But never will deplore my sad, but fatal destiny.

The Answer to *Had she not care enough of this old*
Man, and the same Tune.

W As he not kind enough, kind enough,
Kind enough, was he not kind enough

To his young Bride.

From her Childhood he bred her, when he fed her,

And he led her, to the Church where he wed her,

Then lay by her side;

But Oh how he push'd her, and crush'd her,

And thrust her, and had like to crush her

With long lying on;

And Oh how she panted, and ranted,

Being scanted, of the thing that she wanted

All the night long

The wooing Lady.

Tune, Mrs. Dodsford's fancy

1. **I** Have gone up and down through all the Town
To search for the face I may call mine own,
But in all my ramble I never yet could find,
The face and the humour was pleasing to my mind,
For if that the face was pleasing unto me,
I found that the humour with that did disagree.

2. And being in doubt, yet still I search'd out
That union to find among all the rout
At last 'mong the crew I found out the man
That I find I must love, let me do what I can,
And the more I do love, the more I do like,
That unto love's banner my sail I needs must strike.

3. Then welcome my fate, be it early or late,
The man that I fancy he shall be my mate;
But how to acquaint him with this my new passion,
For a Woman to woo, though I know it is in fashion
And rather than die my self I'll discover,
Lest they write on my Grave here lies a foolish
 Lover.

The Saraland to it:

1. **A**ND if he will love me
 I'll be constant to him,
 None shall e're disprove me
 Though that I did wooe him
 And lest our love miscarry
 We'll to the Church and marry,
 Then to bed we'll go,
 In spite of the foe,
 We will not longer tarry.

2. Then up agen to dinner
 Then away to dancing,
 And every Girle havegi'n her
 A man of her own fancy'ing,
 Then to supper hie we
 And agen to dancing fly we,
 And for haste to bed,
 If't may be sed,
 Be confident we'll vie we'e.

3. Thus this wooing Lady,
 New you know her mind Sir,
 'Tis fair and just as may be
 And will still be kind Sir.

The

Part I. Oxford Drollery.

69

Then here's to thee my *Nanny*,
And I'll pledge thee my *Fanny*,
There's none on's all
But loves to fall,
Yet never will trappan yee.

Of his Mistress grown old.

Tune, The old Lallure.

1. **W**hen I woo'd *Carinda* first
She had wit and beauty store,
But time hath now done all his worst,
He never can assault her more:
She was handsome then, benighted now,
She was gamesome then, but slighted now;
There's none can be del'ghted now
With her as heretofore,
2. Her eyes that had inflaming power,
Now are eclips'd and shine no more,
Her cheeks, like *Roses* when in flower,
Now are cerus'd ore and ore:
She was pretty then, she's painted now,
She was witty then, she's tainted now,
And I'll no more be acquainted now
With her as heretofore.

- 3: Her airy fancy's only left her,
Which can help beget a flame,
Of all the rest time hath bereft her,
Which did still support the same.
'Tis pity then she's grown so old,
She'd fit ye when her tale she told,
She has nought but wealth now can uphold,
Her glory and her fame.
-

The Answer to Aurelia.

1. **W**hen Aurelia late I treated
She had youth and beauty too,
All that's glorious in her seated,
And her charms are daily new.
Conquering time cannot deface her,
Noretriving art she knew,
Rose and Lilly still do grace her,
As if on her face they grew.

2. The airy Spirits which invited
Are the same as heretofore,
And his eyes are quite benighted
That this Comet can't advise.

*Nought he says abates her merits,
Since her eye creates a flame,
But her sweet and amorous spirits
Quicken and maintain the same.*

3. *Needless then that fond advice is,
When he bids her love no more,
For those Gallants use devices
Still to court as heretofore.
True her frown hath charming power
For to make them fall away,
But one smile, and not her Dower
Can enforce them ever stay.*

So far the Author.

FINIS.

Q. Wasen und was ist die Zeit
der Jahre und was ist die Zeit
der Jahre und was ist die Zeit
der Jahre und was ist die Zeit

2. To come to the
 3. To come to the
 4. To come to the
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OXFORD DROLLERY,

Being

POEMS, and new SONGS

Collected.

The Second Part.

And first Aurelia, the last verse being lately added.

VHen *Aurelia* first I courted,
She had youth and beauty too,
Killing pleasures when she sported,
And her charms were ever new.
Conquering times do now deceive her,
Which her glories do uphold,
All her Arts can ne're retrieve her,
Poor *Aurelia's* growing old.

3. The

2. The airy spirits which invited,
Are retir'd and move no more,
And her eyes are now benighted,
Which were Comets heretofore :
Want of these abate her merits,
Yet I have passion for her name,
Only kind and amorous spirits
Kindle and maintain a flame.

3. Taen *Aureli*: I advise you
Never think of loving more,
For those Gallants now despise you
Which ador'd you heretofore :
Want of thy magnetick power
Is the cause they fall away,
Not thy beauty now but dower
Can invite a second stay.

A New Song and Tune.

1. **B**Lind Love till this hour
Had never like men slave under his power,
But blest be the Dart
That he threw at my heart,
Since nothing can prove
A joy so great as to be wounded with Love.

2. My dayes and my nights
Are fill'd to the purpose with sorrows and frights,
From my heart still I sigh
And my eyes are ne're dry;
So that *Cupid* be prais'd
I am to the top of Loves happiness rais'd.

3. My Soul's all on fire,
So that I have pleasure to doat and desire,
Such a pretty soft pain
Does tickle each vein,
'Tis the Dream of the smart (heart.
That makes my breath short when it beats at my

4. Sometimes in a Pet
When I am neglected my freedom I get,
Then straight one sweet smile
Does my anger beguile,
Whence my heart I recall,
The more that I struggle, the lower I fall.

5. Heaven does not impart
Such secrets of love into every ones heart,
For many would wish
To be wounded, yet miss:
Then blest be Loves fire, (desire.
And more blest be those eyes that first caus'd my

A Mice

A Mock-Song to Love.

Tune, Jack Pudding.

1. **V**When in the month of *January*

Ripe Apples grow on Trees;

When butter doth in *February*

Ar once both thaw and freeze,

When Horses fly, beasts headless walk,

When chairs and stools do move,

When mutes as fast as women talk,

Then will I fall in love.

When Cherries in the month of *March*

as ripe are as in *June*,

When men instead of Corn sow Starch;

When Bears do sing in tune,

When Fishes on the Trees do chatter,

When womens tongues ne're move,

When men forbear to lie and flatter,

Then will I fall in love.

2. If when it rains the ground be dry,

Or when 'tis foul, fair weather,

When Sun and Moon shall in the sky

Both meet and dance together,

When the Heavens fall where th' earth doth stand
 When Tellus mounts above,
 And I can grasp both in my hand,
 Then will I fall in love.

4. A Lover he no will doth know,
 He cannot speak or stir,
 He is a Child and cannot go
 But as he's mov'd by her:
 Whilst I still by my self do move,
 And to my pleasures bend,
 Then farewell this idle love,
 And so I'll make an end.
-

A Mock-song to beauty.

Tune, To drive the cold winter away.

1. I Know I'm no Poet
 My Song will soon shew it,
 But my sorrows do flow like a spring,
 Although they do shame me
 The world cannot blame me
 That I should thus dolefully sing:
 My loss is so great
 And such a defeat
 No morn I had ever before,

She had every feature

Of a beautiful creature

And no man can say any more, and no man can say, &c.

2. Her lips it is true

Were of Coventry-blue

But her hair was a fine bow-die,

Her Stature was low

But her Nose was not so

For 't was Oh most delicate high:

Her upper lip thin

Which finely turn'd in,

And her teeth were as black as a coal,

But her under stood out

To receive from her snout

The droppings that came from each hole.

3. Though some teeth she wanted;

The rest were so planted

That Nature did shew no neglect,

What in some she deny'd

She in others supply'd,

Because there should be no defect:

'Tis true we do know

She'd some gaps below,

But yet it was plain to be seen

That her upper teeth met 'em,

Nature so well had set 'em

Like Tally they clap'd in between, Like Tally, &c.

4. Thus

Part II. Oxford Drollery. 81

4. Thus with a good grace
They took their due place
And though they stood hither and thither,
We plainly may see
They all did agree
And lovingly met together.

To stand in a row
Is common you know
But the best and the newest way,
Is to see; without doubt;
Teeth stand in and out
As if they were dancing the Hay,
As if they were dancing the Hay.

5. No needle nor pin
Was so sharp as her chin,
Which her nose did so lovingly meet,
That like sister and brother
They kist one another,
It was a great pleasure to see't :
No Globe could be found
So perfectly round
As her back was, by all that did mind her;
And to give her her due,
Her head turn'd like a skrew
To study the Globe behind her,
To study the Globe behind her;

6. Her breath it was strong,
 Her leggs short and long
 To make up her perfect shape,
 Her cheeks were like Lent
 When 'tis almost spent,
 And her face was as sweet as an Ape;
 Her skin might be taken
 For a Gammon of Bacon,
 Her breasts never trencher so flat,
 So fine was her mouth
 That it stood north and south,
And she had delicate eyes like a Cat,
And she had delicate eyes like a Cat.

7. I think it is meet
 To speak of her feet,
 And tell you how well they were made;
 I will not deceive yee
 But if you'll believe me
 They had the true shape of a Spade;
 So fine and so flat
 But when she did pat,
 So even a guard she did keep,
 With her leggs high and low
 That when she did go,
You'd think she were playing bow-peep,
You'd think she were playing bow-peep.

Part 11. Oxford Drollery.

8. But this long narration
 Breeds such molestation
 Within my unfortunate breast,
 I can say no more
 But must give it o're,
 And leave you to guess at the rest :
 Search all the world round
 None such can be found,
 So well she pleases my pallet,
 That I'd pine all my life
 For the loss of my Wife,
And there is an end of my Ballet,
And there is an end of my Ballet.

A S O N G.

1. **S**ince you will needs my heart possess
 'Tis just to you I first confess.

The faults to which 'tis given,
 It is to change much more inclin'd
 Then women, or the Sea, or wind,
 Or ought that's under Heaven.

2. Nor will I hide from you this truth
 It hath been from its very youth
 A most egregious ranger,

- And since from me it often fled,
 With whom it was both born and bred,
 'Twill scarce stay with a stranger.
3. The fair, the black, the gay, the sad,
 (Which made me often fear 'twas mad)
 With one kind look could win it :
 So naturally it loves to range,
 That it hath left success for change,
 And what's worse glories in it.
4. Nay I to it became a sport
 When I did soundly chide it for't,
 For 'twould in smiles be saying,
 Your debts of love you should despair
 To pay to all the kind and fair,
 If long with one you're staying.
5. Often when I'm laid to rest,
 'Twill make me act like one possesst,
 For still 'twill keep a puther :
 And though 'tis you I most esteem
 Yet it will make me, in a dream,
 Court and enjoy another.
6. And now if you are not afraid,
 After these truths which I have said,
 To take this arrant rover,
 Be not displeas'd if I protest
 I doubt the heart within my breast
 Will prove just such another.

*A Rural Song, the third and fourth verses
being lately added.*

1. **I** One to the May-pole away let us run
The time is swift and will be gone ;
There go the Lasses away to the green,
Where their beauties may be seen :

Nan, Doll,

Kate, and Moll,

Gallant Lasses have Ladds to attend 'em,

Hodg, Nick,

Tom, Dick,

Brave dancers who can amend 'em.

2. Did you not see the Lord of the May
Walk along in his rich aray,
There comes the Lass that is only his,
See they meet and how they kiss,

Come Will,

Run Gill,

Or dost thou list to loose thy labour,

K'it Croud,

Scrape a loud,

Tickle her Tom with a Pipe and a Tabor.

3. Lately I went to a Mask at the Court
Where I saw dances of every sort,

There they did dance with time and measure,
 But none like the Country dance for pleasure :
 There they did dance,
 Just as in *France*,
 Not like the English lussy manner,
 And every she
 Must furnished be (her
 With a feather knock when she sweats for to fan

4. But we when we dance and do happen to sweat
 Have a Napkin in hand to wipe off the wet,
 And we with our Doxes do Jig it about
 Not like the Court which often are out :
 If the Tabor do play,
 We thump it away
 And turn and meet our Lasses to kiss 'em,
 Nay they will be
 As ready as we
 That hardly at any time we can miss 'em.

5. And if we hold on as we begin
Jone thee and I shall the Garland win,
 And if thou liv'it till another day
 I'll make thee Lady of the May :
 Dance about
 In and out,

Turn

Turn and kiss then for a greeting,
 No *Jone*
 We have done,
 Fare thee well till the next merry meeting.

A S O N G.

Tune, *La bonnet.*

1. **S**He's not the fairest of her name
 And yet she conquers more than all her race,
 For she has other motives to inflame
 Besides a lovely face:
 She has wit and constancy,
 And Charms that strike the soul more than the eye,
 'Tis not every Lover
 Knows how to discover
 Such divinity.
2. Beside she is an easie Book,
 Writ in plain language for the meanest wit,
 A stately presence, and a lovely look,
 With all things justly fit:
 But age will undermine
 That glorious outside which appears so fine
 When the common Lover,
 Shrinks and gives her over
 Then she's only mine!

3. To the Platonick that applies
 His clean addresſes only to her mind,
 Not to the Body, but the Temple ſignifies
 Where in the Saint's inſhrin'd,
 To him it is all one
 Whether the Walls be marble or of ſtone,
 For in holy places,
 Which old time defaces,
 Moſt devotion's ſhowne.

A Song, with the Answer,

1. **B**E not afraid, the faireſt, the rareſt
 That ever was made, deny me not a kiſs,
 There's no man ſhall ſee the meaſure of pleaſure
 That I have from thee, what hurt is there in this?
 Then let us embrace, let all pleaſures be free,
 The world ſhall ne're have knowledge how delightful
 we'll be.
2. I know that ſpys are peeping and creeping,
 In hope to ſurprize us amongſt our Joys,
 But Cupid can ſee to find them and blind them,
 That hindrances be to the getting of Boyes.
 Then let us embrace, let all pleaſures be free,
 The world ſhall ne're have knowledge how delightful
 we'll be.

3. Then

3. Then be not coy, fair Creature, Dame Nature
 Made you for my joy, but for no man but I,
 Then let's embrace, and rife and trifle,
 Leave a Jewel in place you may keep until you dy.
*Then let us embrace, let all pleasures be free,
 The world shall n'ere have knowledge, &c.*

The Answer, the two last verses added lately.

1. **N**ay pish, nay fie, you'd venture to enter
 A trespass so high you'd wish it were undone,
 Should any spy they'd wonder, look yonder
 Come I see you'l not fly from the chase you have begun.
 Then since you have wooed me and all pleasures
 'set free,
 Es. with you'l undo me if a tell tale you be.

2. You say that spys are peeping and creeping,
 And that they'l surprize us amongst our joys,
 But we must strive to watch them and catch them,
 That so we may thrive in the getting of Boys.
 Then since you, &c.

3. You see I'm not coy, in risling or trifling
 To hinder your joy, although 'twas to my pain,
 And if it be known, they'l flout us, and rout us,
 And I left alone, and ne're to meet again.
 Then since, &c.

A Song.

A S O N G.

Tune, *My Dame Jone bath pawn'd ber Kettle.*

1. **C**lear up those stormy brows and teach
 My weak and wadling love to go,
 Who makes 'twixt infant Loves a breach
 Sure is no stout nor gallant foe :

Prethee let us prove,
 That *Cupid* is above
 The firm votes of immortal fate,
 Though a Child he be
 Let malice see
 That love is stronger far than hate.

2. Then be no longer fondly coy,
 Death's here more welcome than delay,
 Love is a nimble sprightly boy,
 And hath swift wings the Poets say :

Let's loose no time,
 'Tis a capital crime,
 None sins in love, but him that's slow:
 If I wanton be
 Pray pardon me
 Loves a Child, and Children will be so.

3. My

3. My senses call me dull and blame
 My calmness that thus pleading stands,
 Come your Mother she did do the same,
 Yield or I must lay violent hands;
 For shall I spare one
 Such a rape hath done,
 And violence on my soul hath lain
 And why should she
 Thus ravish me
 And I not ravish her again.

4. Why this stir, why this denying,
 This pish, pish, groper stand away,
 Why this proud and coy defying
 'Cause I there my hand did lay:
 I did grope 'tis true
 but in love sure you
 Will count it no offence I hope
 If the cause you'l find
 Know Love is blind,
 And they that cannot see must grope,

*The Maids Complaint.*Tune, *Gerrards Mistress.*

1. **A** Dieu thou cold companion of my bed, adieu,
 And do not sue
 To harbour longer in so warm a nest,
 I go i'th' flames of love to melt away thy snow
 That streams may flow,
 And fountains open to a kinder guest,
 And I whose frozen fancy, ne're before
 Conceiv'd loves holy fire,
 Am ravish'd now, with *Hymens* vow,
 That I am all desire : (bound earth
 So when the Sun with beams doth court the frost-
 He thaws the ground,
 And Ice appears, dissolv'd to tears,
 Cause it so hard was found.

(to thee
 2. To thee great power of love, there prostrate falls
 A votary,
 O pardon that she made no greater haste :
 These eyes are offer'd at thy shrine a sacrifice,
Cupid arise (plac't ;
 And come and fix them where thine own were

But

But stay, the surest marks-men use like thee to wink
Blind thou hast been,
And yet thy Dart, hath pierc'd my Heart
As well as if thou'dst seen.
Such skill *Achilles* weapon only knew before,
For now I feel,
Whatever fear, in Maids appear,
The blade that wounds can heal.

3. Lie close thou better genius of my life lie close,
Who fears to loose
That lets her loss to use and thrives upon't,
(have't undone,
There's none that ties the true-loves knot would
But thrives upon
The ravishing delights in musing on't:
For if my mother ne're had dar'd to light a torch
At *Hymens* shrine,
I pray you how had I been now
Continu'd in her line,
If then there's so much treasure in a maiden-head,
Come sweet and try it,
And make me mother to another,
So none are loosers by it.

The

The faithless Swain.

1. **P**Rethee tell me faithless Swain,
Prethee tell me faithless Swain,
Why did you such passion faine
On purpose to deceive me ;
For I no sooner lov'd again
But you began to leave me.
2. *Phillis* we must blame our fate, *Phillis, &c.*
Kindness hath a certain date
And of those joys we tasted,
But you by peevishness and state
The time hath almost wasted.
3. 'Twas my love did yours destroy, 'Twas, &c.
For had I still been nice and coy
I knew you then would prize me,
Think you dream'd you did me enjoy
And then you'd not despise me.
4. Once agen your love renew, Once, &c.
And my scorns I will subdue,
But passion now doth sway me,
That could I my thoughts pursue
My tears would then betray me.

Part II. Oxford Drollery! 95

5. Sigh no more nor weep in vain, Sigh, &c.
 Nymph your beauty still may gain
 A more deserving Lover,
 For slaves that once have broke their chains
 You hardly can recover.

The Answer to Well, well 'tis true.

1. **W**ELL well 'tis true, that I have found
 A loving fool of you, but now I plainly see
 Whilst you presume upon my Love,
 Which you ne're had as you can prove,
 Your aims at sovereignty:
 No longer shall your Follies be forborn,
 I'll cloud your smiles, then thank your self
 For being thus forlorn.

2. But yet be wise and dally not by terming,
 Of our eyes: the Magazine from whence
 Love too his Arms, those stars I say
 Are bright and powerful to: but they
 Have no such Influence,
 And say you could have don't by any she,
 I pretheo do't, for now I find
 That fools will meddling be.

3. You men like fools to goddess us do drain
And pump the Schools for words to court us by,
You kiss your feet, and think you please
Our sex to call us goddesses,

Alas we know you lie :

We know we are flesh and blood, though our bright eyes,
Surprizing your weak amorous sence,

Do deem us Deities.

4. But since my fate hath brought me to this
Tumble of thy prate, I'le not my labour loose
But will make use of thine own plot,
To tell thee plain I love thee not

Take thee it well or chuse :

Nay more than that, I'le chuse me any mate
Shall serve to ridd me of such fools

Before it be too late.

5. Go love your wine, go love your muses fines
Being nine times nine, so thou wilt not love me,
I'le love my Dog I'le love my Cat,
Nay faith I'le love I care not what

So it may not be thee,

Go love your foolish apish coxcomb crew,
I'le love my Country, Prince, and Laws,

But hate such fools as you.

The Ladies Fort besieged.

1. Full forty times over I strived to win,
 Full forty times over neglected have been,
 But 'tis forty to one I shall tempt her again
 For he's a dull Lover
 That so will give over,
Since thus runs the sport, since thus runs the sport,
Assault her but often you'll carry the Fort,
Since thus runs the sport,
Assault her but often you'll carry the Fort.
 (hath been,

2. There's a breach ready made which still open
 With thousands of thoughts to betray it within,
 If you once but approach you are sure to get in,
 Then stand not off coldly
 But venture on boldly
She soon will surrender, she soon will surrender,
If you charge her but home, and with Loves Arms do
She soon will surrender (batter,
If you charge her but home, and with Loves Arms, &c.
 (you sit,

3. Some Ladies will blush when down before them
 And will strive to maintain it with fire-balls of wit,
 But alas they're but crackers and seldom do hit,
 You'll vanquish them after
 In alarum of laughter;

*Their forces being broke, their forces being broke,
And the fire quite spent you may enter i'th' smoke,
Their forces being broke,
And the fire quite spent, you may enter i'th' smoke.*

4. Some Ladies with blushing and modestly fight,
And with their own tears the foe doth affright,
But they're easily surpriz'd if they come in the night,

*Then to't never fear her,
But boldly come near her*

*By working about, by working about,
If you once but approach she can ne're hold it out,*

*By working about,
If you once but approach she can ne're hold it out*

5. With pride and with state some outworks they'll
And with volleys of frowns drive the enemy back,
If you mind them but rightly they're easie to take,

*Taen this you must drive at
To a party in private*

*And then they're o're thrown, and then they're o're, &c.
If you promise them fairly, they'll still be your own,*

*And then they're o're thrown,
If you promise them fairly, they'll still be your own.*

Mr. Lovelaces Song with the Answer.

1. **VV** Hy should'st thou say I am forsworn
When thine I vow'd to be,
Lady it is already morn
And 'twas last night I vow'd to thee
That fond impossibility.

2. Have I not lov'd thee much and long
A tedious twelve hours space?
I should all other beauties wrong,
And rob me of a new embrace,
Should I still doat upon thy face.

3. Not but all joys in thy brown hair
In others may be found;
But I must court the black and fair,
Like skilful mineralists that sound
For treasures in unplow'd up ground.

And when that I have lov'd my round
Thou art the constant she,
With spoils of meaner beauties crown'd
I laden will return to thee,
Even satiated with variety.

Her Answer.

1. **I** Needs must say thou art forsworn,
 Since mine thou vow'd'st to be,
 True oaths do bind both night and morn,
 And when last night you vow'd to me
 I ghes'd it possibility.
2. It may be call'd love much not long
 Contains but twelve hours space:
 You did my beauty all the wrong,
 And rob'd me of my just embrace
 When you look'd on another's face.
3. You say all joys in my brown hair
 In others may be found,
 And that you'll court the black and fair,
 But prove a miner a list unbound
 By searching in my womb'd up ground.
4. And when that you have lodg'd your round,
 I'll prove no constant she,
 With spoils of meaner beauties crown'd,
 If laden you return to me
 It must be with infamy.

A Song call'd Mistake me not.

1. **M**istake me not, I am as cold as hot,
Mistake me not, I am as cold as hot,
Although mine eyes betray my heart all night,
E're morn, e're morn, e're morn all things are
right.

2. Perhaps in jest, I said I lov'd thee best,
Perhaps in jest, I said I lov'd thee best,
When 'twas no more, but on the day before,
I vow'd, I vow'd, I vow'd to twenty more.

3. Sometimes I burn, and straight to Ice return,
Sometimes I burn, and straight to Ice return,
There's nothing more unconstant than my mind,
I change, I change, I change even as the wind.

4. I prethee see thou giv'st no heart to me,
I prethee see thou giv'st no heart to me,
For I that could nor keep mine own a day,
What hopes, what hopes, what hopes has thine
to stay.

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3. You say all joys in my brown hair
 In others may be found,
 And that you'll court the black and fair,
 But prove a miner's list unscand
 By searching in unpleas'd ground.
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I prethee see thou giv'st no heart to me,
For I that could not keep mine own a day,
What hopes, what hopes, what hopes has thine
to stay.

A Caveat for Maids.

1. **E**Ach greedy hand doth catch & pluck the flower
When none regards the stock it grew it upon,
Each nature loves the fruit still to devour
But leaves the Tree to stand or fall alone,
Then this advice fair creature take from me,
Let none pluck fruit unless they take the Tree.
2. Believe no vows, nor much protesting men,
Credit no oaths, nor no prevailing song,
Let Courtiers vow, swear, and forswear agen,
Their heart doth ly ten regions from their tongue,
And when with oaths thy heart is made to tremble,
Belive them least for then they most dissemble.
3. No let not *Cesar's* self corrupt thy heart,
No fond ambition seale thy modesty,
Say to the King thou only constant art,
He cannot pardon thy impurity:
For if with one with more thou'lt play the whore,
Break I.e in one place, and it cracks the more.

*On a Gentleman being accidentally run into the eye
with a pin by a Lady.*

INjurious pin, how durst thou come so nigh,
To touch, nay worse, to touch his precious eye?
Bale instrument so ill thou'lt plaid thy part,
Wounding his eye thou'lt wounded my poor heart,
For every crimson drop his eye hath shed
My sympathizing heart hath thousands bled,
Bold murderous pin, was there no tincture good
To dye thy point, but his too precious blood?
Could thy Ambition teach thee so much sin?
Was that a place for thee to revel in?
Nay, there his Mistress had design'd to be,
And must she then out-rival'd be by thee?
Curs'd fate that I should harbour thee so long,
And thou at last conspire to do me wrong:
But well I know thy nature to be rude,
And all thy kin full of ingratitude;
They all are brazen-fac'd, nay brass all o're,
Else thou would'st ne're have strived for to soar
So high as to his eye: I wonder much
How that thou durst his lovely eye to touch,
Much less to hurt it: what use was there
Of thee to ramble up so high, and so near
Those curious orbs? as if thou a Needle wert
For to be touch'd by their magnetick Art;

And so the name of pin would die in thee,
 And thou the needle touch'd still call'd would'st be;
 I little thought thou durst presume so far
 To aim thy malice at so bright a star;
 Well, get thee gone, for thou shalt never more
 Have power to hurt what others must adore,
 Thus thus, I hurl thee, maist thou ne're be found
 But lye and rot, and rust beneath the ground.

Advice to a Friend.

FAint Amorist do'st thou think
 To taste Loves honey, and not drink
 One dram of gall: or to devour
 A world of sweet and taste no sowre?
 Dost thou ever think to enter
 The *Elysian* fields; that durst not venture
 In *Ch. ron's* Barge? a Lovers mind
 Must use to sail with every wind;
 He that loves and fears to try,
 Learns his Mistress to deny;
 Doth she chide thee? 'tis to shew it
 That thy coldness made her do it:
 Is she silent, is she mute?
 Silence fully grants thy suit;
 Doth she pout and leave the room?
 Then she goes to bid thee come;

Is she sick? why then be sure
 She invites thee to the cure:
 Doth she cross thy suit with no?
 P sh she loves to hear thee wooe:
 Doth she call the faith of man
 In question? be assur'd she loves thee then,
 And if e're she makes a blot,
 She's lost if that thou hit her not.
 He that after ten denials
 Dares attempt no farther trials,
 Hath no warrant to acquire
 The dainties of his chaste desires.

On a Gentleman taking a Purge.

IN morn when *Phæbus* peep'd through crevis
 Bold as any British *Guy* or *Bevis*,
 I powder took, and by his beams
 Befriended, made a draught for *James*:
 Long had it not in stomach been
 But from each part came powdering in,
 Of uncouth geer, such pregnant store,
 That gut 'gan grumble, nock run o're:
 Have you beheld, with eager haste,
 The truant-Cits, when play is past,
 As if they meant their Ribbs to burst,
 Whil'st each bears up to get out first,

And

And then instead of men and wit
Delivers up a Lump of Cit,
With no less fury in a throng
Away those nasty humours flung,
And downwards in a rage they drew
To ramble and bid Nock adieu,
But when they came to portal nasty,
Bum was so straight and they so hasty,
That many a worthy pellet must
Into one Booming shot be thrust,
At the rumbling noise the Mastiff growles,
The frightened Mice forsake their holes,
And Souldiers to my window come,
Invited as it were by a Drum:
O dismal dose, O cursed geere,
Will all thy Body run out here?
Will veins, and sinews, flesh, and bone
Be gadding, and leave Nock alone?
A Devil, certain, bak'd and stale
Was grated in my posset-ale:
But be it what it will, I this must say,
Ple no more Physick that takes guts and all away.

The Italian wish Translated; call'd I ask no more!

1. **S**ince fortune thou art grown so kind
To give me leave to take my mind

Of all thy store,

First it is needful that we find

Good meat and drink of every kind

I ask no more:

Good meat and drink, &c. I ask no more.

2. But yet before we do digest

The sav'ry morsels of this feast,

See thou my store,

To ease the cares within my breast

With a hundred thousand pound at least,

I ask no more:

With a hundred thousand, &c. I ask no more.

3. Then a house that is convenient

For a great Lord of ample rent

With a postern door,

Into convey each Implement,

And people to my pleasure bent,

I ask no more:

And people to my pleasure bent, I ask no more.

4. Then

4. Then a well-born and a pleasant Dame
 Full of beauty, void of shame,
 Let her have store
 Of wealth, discretion, and good fame,
 And able to appease my flame,
 I ask no more.

5. But yet before we do the feat
 One thing be sure do not forget,
 Forgot before,
 That she a Virgin be and neat
 On whom two Son's I may beget,
 I ask no more.

6. Let them be Princes, and Impart
 To each a million for his part,
 I thee Implore,
 Of the purest gold that has the art
 To fill with gladness every heart,
 I ask no more.

7. And that all may be perfected
 And to an heir I may be sped,
 I last Implore,
 That when I long this life have led,
 I may have heaven when I am dead,
 I ask no more,
 I may have heaven when, &c. I ask no more.

8. And

8. And when to heaven I shall ascend,
 I only wish I may may attend
 To keep the door,
 That so I may let in my friend,
 And all my foes away may send,
 I ask no more,
 And all my foes away may send, I ask no more.

The scornful Maid.
Tune, The blazing Torch.

1. **A**S in my private walk I was,
 Where fancy me directed,
 I heard a Lover court a Lass,
 Whom he had long affected;
 But still her answer was he gone,
 And never think to move me,
 But leave me to my self alone,
 For I will never love thee.

2. The Echo doubled all his groans
 As pitying him, complaining,
 The hallow Caves resound his moans
 Whil' it the fate by disdaining,

And

And checking his presumption said,

My hopes are far above thee,

For though I will not die a Maid,

Yet I will never love thee.

3. He numbred all his fleecy Flocks,

To try if wealth would gain her,

His language she repay'd with mocks,

No treasure could obtain her :

She stamp'd her face into a frown

And says, I must reprove thee,

That think'st I can affect a Clown,

For I will never love thee.

4. I vow if thou dost longer stay,

To make me more offended,

Unto the gods I mean to pray

With knees most humbly bent,

Some whirlwinds force may fetch thee hence

And from my sight remove thee,

Go fool, bereav'd of wit and sense,

For I will never love thee.

As Sing call a fond Lovers.

1. Fond Lovers what d'ye mean

To court an idle folly,

Platonick Love is nothing else

But meerly melancholly.

2. To doat upon a face,
Or court a sparkling eye,
Or to conceive a dimpled chin
Compleat felicity,
Is to betray your liberty.

3. Then be no more so fond
Nor think that women can
Be satisfi'd with complement,
The very froth of man,
O no they hate a *Paritana*.

4. They care not for your sighs,
Nor your erected eyes,
They hate to hear a fool lament
And cry he dyes, he dyes,
O no they love a close surprize

5. Because you are in the fashion
And lately come from Court,
You think your clothes are Orators
To invite you to the sport
Faith no, they do but jeer you for't.

6. Then

6. Then venture to embrace,

'Tis but a squeak or two,
I'm confident no woman lives

But sometimes she will do,
The fault lies not in them but you.

A S O N G.

Tune, Jogg on.

1. **T** Here was a man two sons he had
One elder than the other,
Love me was the elder Lad
And *Lick me* was his brother.

2. The old man sent them to the plow,
Wherein much strife did grow a
For *Love me* he was very tall,
But *Lick me* very low a

3. Then he sent them to the wood
The good gray Mare to find a
Love me he went on before
And *Lick me* all behind a.

4. And when that they had found her out
They both would ride the Mare a

Part II. Oxford Drollery.

113

For *Love me* he on the Saddle rode
But *Lick me* you know where a.

5. When these Brethren were i'th' field,
To run would try their strength a
But *Love me* he was forc'd to yield
To *Lick me* at the length a.

6. Then they went unto the Warrs
As they did think it fit a,
Love me he was full of scarrs
And *Lick me* all beshit a.

7. The one of them was very fat
The other very lean a,
For *Love me* was bespurt with dirt
But *Lick me* very clean a.

8. Then they came unto a Feast
Where they were something rude a,
For *Love me* was like a beast
But *Lick me* all bespude a.

9. The old man went to seek his Sons,
Found *Love me* with the foal a,
But going a little further on
Found *Lick me* in hole a.

For

H

The

The Answer to Loves fiery passions.

1. **S**ome men Love's fiery passions can resist,
That either values pleasure or promotion:
I hate Luke-warmness in an Amorist,
It is as bad in Love as in devotion.
2. You that pretend to have a Love-sick heart,
Or do despise the sacred power of Love,
May know that more has dyed by Cupid's dart
Than by the dreadful Thunder-bolts of Jove.
3. Nor may we love or not love as we please,
Since Cupid's Laws commands mens disposition,
For I have known men die of that Disease
Of which himself to others was Physician.
4. For when that little god doth shoot his dart,
From sparkling eyes of Ladies that are fair,
The stroke is fatal, and doth wound the heart
Of those more stout and valiant then you are.
5. Then those that die for love incurr no slander
That with Love's holy Martyrdom are crown'd,
'T may be you cannot imitate Leander,
For every one is not born to be drown'd.

Part II. Oxford Drollery.

6. Though you have been a Lover by report,
Yet you can ne're deserve so good a name,
He doth not love at all that loves in sport,
It is ill jesting with a sacred flame.
7. Long may you live unlov'd, and when you die,
Women upon your loathed grave shall spit,
Till then all Gentlemen will say you lie,
And try your courage, as you have done your wit.
8. You think that wisemens actions should be such,
As that with reason still they must be fraught,
They're fools to think of ever loving much,
Within the rules of reason can be brought.

A Dialogue between a Shepherd and a Shepherdesse.

1. M. **D**ear canst thou love me? W. Shepherd no.
M. Tell me my dearest, why so?
W. Because thine own words do disprove thee,
Men only love but in show
M. Judge not rashly till you find,
For truth is always known by trying.
W. But women are safest in denying,
Often abused when kind.

116 Oxford Drollery. Part II.

2. *M.* Fly from this error e're it be known
What woo't be loved of none?
W. There is no love where is terror,
Loving my self I love one:
M. Self-love is height of pride
And pride of Angels made the Devil,
W. But if I escape from this evil
Sure a good Angel's my guide.
3. *M.* See how I languish. *W.* Thou look'st wan.
M. What wilt thou murder a man?
W. Now I relent at thy anguish,
I'll give thee ease if I can:
M. Then one kiss is not too late,
May my dying hopes recover,
W. Ease is the cure of a Lover
We women must yield to our fate.

To a Coy Mistress.

Come never coy it so, thou art not fair
Skin deep perfection, or suppose you were,
'Twas I that gav't you: Womens beauty lies
Not in themselves, but in their Servant's eyes,
Have I then like a Statua-carver wrought
Thee from thy rougher marble, and have brought

Thee

Part II. Oxford Drollery:

117

Thee to my fancy, by Loves subtil Trade
 Clip'd off thy imperfections; and have made
 Thee lovelier far than was that Grecian Dame
 Whose beauty set great *Ilium* in a flame:
 Where thou before did'st scarce wear comly brow
 Upon thy Face, for that I have set down
 Perfect perfection: Sworn thy indifferent eyes
 And cheeks into a Tempean Paradise.
 And when I thus had polish'd every part,
 And set thee up an Idol in my heart,
 Have bow'd unto thee, paid devotion such,
 Idolatry would blush at, as too much
 To offer to their greater gods: And now
 For all this toil, and so great zeal canst thou
 Deny one petty favour unto me
 Who all this while have doated upon thee?
 I will ungoddes thee again proud thing,
 And make thee less than worthy pitting:
 Come first restore me to that all conquering grace
 Which my kind fancy hath vouchsaf'd to place
 Within thy brighter eyes, so where be now
 Those awful Rays that once did make me bow:
 Thus in my anger I have ta'ne from thee
 Those graces which of right belong to me;
 I leave thee to be pitied of each one,
 As Abby's were at the subversion,
 And thou shalt stand like some decay'd stone,
 Which once had form, for Birds to mure upon.

H 3

Inte

Thee

Into this Lown's hath thy scorn debas'd thee,
Hadst thou been kind, how high could I have plac'd
thee.

A Supposition.

Suppose the fates had made a firm decree
That you and I this day should married be.
Suppose the Bells were merrily a ringing,
The Fidlers playing, and the Boys a singing.
* Suppose the way with fragrant herbs were strowing,
All things were ready, we to Church were going :
And now suppose the Priest had jony'd our hands,
And we were solemnizing *Hymens* bands :
And now suppose the Gordian knot near ty'd,
And all pray God give joy to Mistress Bride :
And now suppose that Dinner-time drew near,
The Tables richly deck'd with costly cheer :
Suppose our tedious Dinner had an end,
And Fidler's, and Fidler's Boys and all had Din'd :
Suppose the blith young Lads were now a prancing,
And you, *Diana*, with your Nymphs were danc'n^g,
Where all commended were for dancing well,
But Mistress Bride did all the rest excell :
And now suppose the day were fully gone,
Sun set, Supper past, and dancing done :

And

And next suppose that you were call'd aside,
 And all in haste to bed goes Mistress Bride:
 And then suppose the rude ungodly crew
 Pull'd off my clothes, and laid me down by you:
 Suppose the Posset now were brought to eat,
 And I did scorn to eat such common meat;
 And your weak stomach loath'd to be a taster,
 Which I did wish them choak'd they eat no faster:
 And now suppose the height of all my bliss
 Were nigh at hand: O what a heaven's this:
 Suppose the Candles now were took away,
 And I upon your Brest my hand did lay:
 And then suppose we two were left in Bed,
 Whil'st you sing farewell to your Maiden-head.

A S O N G.

Tune, *The Horns.*

1. **F**or merry *Corfedale* I hoist up my sail,
 The Meddows did sweetly smell,
 The white Lilly top, and the merry Cowslow,
 And the head of the Azure Bell.

2. Not far did I pass, but I met with a Lass,
 The Maid she went to milk,
 Her Pail on her head, her cheeks were red,
 Her Lipps were as soft as silk.

H 4

3. But

120 Oxford Drollery. Part II.

3. But as I pass'd by methoughts in her eye
I *Cupid* did discover,
With that the blind Lad shot as he was mad
And made me a constant Lover.
4. So did she prevail, I was forc'd to strike sail
And parly 'gan to summon
For *Cupid* and she, so conquered me
I was never so wooon by woman.
5. Now if she bring Gold, which I love to behold,
Then thorrow thorns and thickets
A Cock-horse we'll ride, and she shall be my bride
And we'll be as merry as Crickets
6. But if she bring none, hot Love is soon gone
No wedding nor no ringing,
But for the blind hap, I'll buy the child pap
And pay the Nurse well for her singing
7. Her sudden reply did answer her eye.
She smil'd, yet seem'd to simper,
But when I did part, it griev'd her at heart
And then she began to whimper
8. But if my dear friend at forty weeks end,
In her Arms do bring her errand
If it prove a brave Lad then I'll be the Dad
And make her amends I warrant

The Banbury Song.

1. **O**N the seventh day of the eleventh Month
Most lamentably
The men of *Babylon* did spoil
The Tribe of *Banbury*.

2. **We** had a Post from *Coventry*
Riding in a blew **Rocker**,
Said *Colborn*, *Lunsford's* coming down
With a Child's hand in his Pocket.

3. Then we call'd up our men of War
Young *Vivers*, *Cook*, and *Dennis*,
Whom my Lord *Say* had put under
His Son Master *Fiennis*.

4. **We** had six Guns call'd Ordinance
And fourscore Musketers,
Yet all this would not serve to beat
These Philistine Cavaliers.

5. **We** gave three pence unto the poor
Yea made it four pence too
We praid three, four, five, six, seven hours
Yet all this would not do.

6. But

6. But *Lunsford* he did send us word
That he was coming down,
And lest that we would yield, he would
Granado all our Town.
7. Then was my Collonel and I
In a most pitiful case,
For neither he nor I did know
Who this Granado was.
8. Straight we set ope our Gates full wide
They swarmed in like Bees,
And each of them array'd in Buff
As thick as our Town Cheefe.
9. The Brethren they sent in men
From *Dorchester* and *Wickham*,
Which when my Collonel did see
Good Lord how he did kick 'em.
10. Now God to blefs our Parliament
And send them long to reign,
From three years unto three years end
And so to three again.
11. From *Scilding* and from *Wawasor*
Two ill affected men,
Deliver us from *Lunsford* eke
That would eat our Children.

12. For *Burton, Bastowick, and Prin*
 Lord keep them in thy bosom,
 And he that did rebuke the King
 Worshipful Sir *John Hotham*.
13. Once more God bless our Parliament
 That they may sit secure,
 And that their consultations may
 From age to age endure.

The Gossips Conference.

SIX women as they say o'th' weaker sect
 Had conference one day to this effect,
 To change the old and popish way of Preaching;
 The first would needs have it called teaching;
 The second such a vulgar name despising,
 Said it were better termed Catechizing;
 The third not yet so learned, yet full so wise,
 Allow'd them best that call'd it Exercise
 The fourth a great magnificent Corrector,
 Said it were better to be nam'd a Lector;
 Nay quoth the fifth, my sisters, as I hear,
 They call it speaking in *Northampton-shire*;
 Tush quoth the sixth, then standing is more fit,
 Since Preachers in the Pulpit seldom sit.

A Song to a Scotch Tune.

1. **I** Said my Mistress was most fair
The more fool, I the more fool I,
I prais'd her lips, her hands, her hair,
The more fool I, the more fool I:
But since for me she doth not care,
I scorn her lips, her hands, and her hair,
The wiser I, the wiser I.
2. I prais'd her cheeks, her chin, and her eyes,
The more fool I, the more, &c.
I thought her Natures chiefest prize,
The more fool, &c.
But since she doth my Love despise,
I scorn her cheeks, her chin, and her eyes,
The wiser I, the wiser I.
3. I stab'd mine arm to drink her health,
The more fool I, the, &c.
Her to maintain I spent my wealth,
The more fool, &c.
But since her love is got by stealth,
I'll spare my blood, my health, my wealth
The wiser I, the wiser I.

4. I will

1. I will no more her Servant be
 The wiser I, the wiser I.
 Nor pledge her health upon my knee,
 The wiser I, the wiser I.
 And if all men will be rul'd by me
 They'l quickly stoop to vanity,
 Then they'l be fools as well as we.
-

The Amazonian Womens Song.

Tune, *Then hang me Ladies at your Door.*

1. **H**Ang up those dull and envious fools
 That talk abroad of womens change,
 We were not bred to sit on stools,
 Our proper virtue is to range,
 Take that away you take our lives,
 We are not women then but wives.

2. Such as in valour would excel
 Do change the man, and often fight;
 Which we in love must do as well
 If ever we will love aright:
 The frequent varying of the deed
 Is that which doth perfection breed.

3. No is't inconstancy to change
 For what is better : or to make
 By fearing what before was strange
 Familiar : for the uses sake
 The good from bad is not descry'd
 But as 'tis often used and try'd.
4. And this profession of a store
 In love, doth not alone help forth
 Our pleasure, but preserves us more
 In being forsaken, than our worth
 For were the worthiest woman accurst
 To love one man he'd love her first.
-

A Song on his Mistress's singing.

1. **Y**ou that think Love can convey
 No other way,
 But through the eyes unto the heart
 His fatal dart,
 Shut close those Casements and but hear
 The Syren sing,
 And on the wing
 Of her sweet voice it will appear,
 That Love can enter in at the ear.

2. Unveil thine eyes then and behold
 The curious mould,
 Where the voice dwells, and as we know
 When the Cocks do crow,
 Summons the morn, nights course being gone,
 We freely may
 Gaze on the day;
 So may we when the Musick's done
 Awake and see the rising Sun:
-

A S O N G.

1. **I** Can love half an hour when I'm at leisure
 He that loves half a day loves without measure,
Cupid come tell me what Art has thy mother
 To make me love one face more than another.

2. Some to be thought more wise daily endeavour,
 They'l make the world surmise they can love ever,
 But Ladies believe them not, they'l but deceive you,
 For when they have their ends, faith then they'l
 leave you.

3. Some will protest and vow their Love is fervent,
 And that unfeignedly they'l be your servant:
 But too much of any thing sets them a cooling,
 Though they can little do yet they'l be fooling.

4. *Then*

4. Then Ladies, as you please, so you may mind them
 As for to trust them as far as you find them,
 For if you keep your selves still at that distance,
 You may with ease enough make them resistance.

*On a Gentleman in a late Ingagement against the Turk
 was slain and thrown over-board, and she
 since madd.*

1. **I** Will go to my love where he lies in the deep,
 And with our embraces together will sleep,
 When we make the kind *Dolphin's* together shall
 throng,
 And in Chariots of shells shall draw us along.

2. The Orient hath Pearl, which the Ocean bestows
 All mixed with Corral a Crown to compose,
 Though the Sea-Nymphs do spight us, and envy our
 bliss,
 We will teach them to love, and the Cockles to kiss.

3. My Love he doth lye in his watry grave,
 And hath nothing to shew for his tomb but a wave,
 I will kiss his dear lipps than the Corral more red,
 Which grows where he lies in his watry bed.



Old Songs made at Oxford; many years since.

Part III.

*And first the Puritan, in a Dialogue between a
Scholar and him.*

1. Sch. **S**AY Puritan if't come to pass,
That thou must hear a play or Mass,
Which would'st thou chuse?

Pur. Truly in such a doubtful case
It well becomes the Child of grace,
Do as the Spirit shall infuse.

Sch. But had'st thou to thy Friday's Dish
A Capon or a piece of Fish,
Which would'st thou chuse?

Pur. Why Capon is for the Babes of grace,
Give sinful Papists Ling or Plase,
Such superstitious meats

CHORUS.

*Lo here a Puritan catechized aright,
Who loveth his gut, but doth the Spirit slight.*

2. Sch.

2. *Sch.* Say *Perit* in dost love a quire,
Or the holy Bellows that inspire
The Organ sweet?

Par. Sure no, they're Satans instruments
Not fit for holy Sion's Tents
The faithful hold they be not meet.

Sch. But would'st thou not use any guile
To hear a Brother preach, a mile
From Text and sence?

Par. Truth if he rail religiously
'Gainst the Surplis and conformity,
The Spirit may dispense.

C H O R U S.

Lo here a Puritan Catechized aright,
Whose Schism both Order and Church doth slight.

3. *Sch.* Say Puritan if't be thy hap
To be injoyn'd the corner Cap,
Would'st thou deny?

Par. Yes I profess: Babylon's Whore
That Idol did erect; nay more,
It savors of Antiquity.

Sch. But woul'st thou be content to wear
The new Cap that hides sin not hair
Surname'd Callot?

Par. So

Pur. So't be not of Spanish Leather made,
 Verily 'twill not be gain said
 By any good Zelot.

Lo here a Puritan Catechized aright,
 Who Customs because old, not bad, doth slight.

4. Sch. Say Puritan if glorious paint
 In rich Church-windows, would't it not faint
 - At such a sight?

Pur. Fie, fie on painted glass, why there
 Idolatry is full as clear
 To purer eyes as is the light.

Sch. But should a painted Sister lie
 Prostrate: would't thou not cast thine eye
 On such a Rush?

Pur. Well might the Spirit so suggest
 To steal a glance or kiss, the rest
 Should be in naked truth.

Lo here a Puritan Catechized aright,
 Who loves Whores painted, else all paints doth slight.

On a Fire at Jack of all Trades house in Oxford, he
being a Precisian.

1. **A**ttend you Sisters every one,
And listen with a pair
Of swaggering ears that have out grown
By many an inch the hair.
- 2 Of Popish flames I will relate
To you a dismal story,
Which turn'd a zealous Shop of late
Into a Purgatory.
- 3 There dwells in Oxford near the place
Where holy *Cornish* Teaches,
One that in all Trades had such grace
The wicked he over-reaches.
- 4 This Brother first a *Stoick* was
Paripaterical,
For about the world as he did pass
His wealth he carryed all.
- 5 But when his sin had made his pack
Too heavy for his shoulder,
Ere^h foresaid place he eas'd his back,
And turn'd a staid householder.

6. In all Vocations by and by
He grew so great a medler,
That though the Exchange his Shop stood nigh
You'd take him for no Pedlar.
7. By flight of tongue he would fetch ore
All Sparks that came unto him,
Except those, which two nights before
Christide, were like to undo him.
8. When he to sleep himself had set
And dream'd of no such fires,
Then those his zeal and his little peat
Kindled in his desires.
9. He heard some cry fire, fire amain,
And say that he was slack,
Great *J. bn* of all Trades would again
Be brought to his first pack.
10. When hasting down to see what burn'd,
The smoak his breath did stop,
Alas his new Exchange was turn'd
To a Tobacco Shop.
11. His Wife came too at the report
Her clothes hung in such pickle,
As she had newly come from the sport
After a Conventicle.

12. And first in these sad flames she spy'd
A spruce *Genova* B ble,
With gilded Leaves, and strings beside
Which were not contemptible.

13. But with less grace he could have seen
As he did say to some one,
Hid but the Apochripa been in
Or Prayers that were Common.

14. The Practice there of Piety,
And good Saint *Katherine* Stubb,
Were Martyrs, which oft quoted he
Had heard in several Tubbs.

15. Then being of his *Dod's* bereft
And *Clevers* all and some,
You may presume that there was left
Of comforts never a crumb.

16. A Chest of *Cambrick* and *Holland*
Was turn'd to a Box of tinder,
His Virgin *Tapers* out were burnt,
Th' Extinguishers could not hinder.

17. They that his *Tassies* did see
And various *Ribbands*, straight
Concluded that in burnt silk he
Was largely worth his weight.

Part III. Oxford Drollery. 135

18. Of smoaking Canes there lay great store,
For he had soon espy'd 'em,
They were never truly fir'd before
As he had oft belyde 'em.

19. His Hobby-Horses e'er it so tame
Small Babes of grace might run
A race upon them, then became
As hot as the Seeds i'th' Sun.

20. Mirrors and Perspectives, that might
Be burning-Glasses call'd,
The Fever was so hot that night
That Perriwiggs grew bald.

21. There Mouse-traps, Fly-traps, and whole Shelves
Of Whips, with other some,
Such fatal instruments themselves
Did suffer Martyrdom.

22. And to conclude the flame being done:
Some that were there did swear,
Though *Christmas* was not yet begun
Yet 'twas *Ash-wednesday* there.

23. Dear Brethren then be not so hot,
For if unto your harm
Your zeal like this took fire I wot
You'd wish you were Luke-warm.

24. God bless this Land, and keep it aye
 Against all that oppose,
 And let the Supreme Head bear sway
 Instead o' th' Supreme Nose.
-

A Song call'd a Cup of Sack.

1. **H**Ang sorrow, cast away care,
 Come fill us a Cup of Sack,
 Some say it is good, to replenish the blood,
 And for to strengthen the back,
 Wine makes the thoughts to aspire,
 And fills the Spirits with heat :
 We hold it as good, if well understood,
 To fit a man for the feat :
 Then call and drink of all,
 The Drawers are ready to fill,
 A pox of all care, we need not to fear
 My Father hath made his Will.

2. Come Ladd here's a health to thy Love
 Do thou drink another to mine,
 I'll never be strange, for if thou wilt change
 I'll barter my Lady for thine :
 She is as free, and willing to be
 To any thing I command,
 I vow like a friend, I never intend
 To put a bad thing in thy hand :

Then

Part III. Oxford Drollery? 137

Then be as frolick and free
With her as thou woul'st with thine own
But let her not lack good Claret and Sack,
To make her come off and come on.

3. Come drink, we cannot want chink,
Observe how my pockets do gingle,
And he that takes his Liquor all off
I here do adopt him mine ningle:
Then range a health to our King,
I mean the King of October,
For Bacchus is he that will not agree
A man should go to bed sober:
'Tis wine, both neat and fine,
That is the faces adorning,
No Doctor can cure, with his Physick more sure,
Than a Cup of small Beer in the morning.
-

A Song call'd the Cup of Claret.

1. **P**Rethee friend leave off thy thinking,
Cast thy cares of Love away,
Drown thy sorrows all in drinking,
Do no longer then delay:
Bacchus swears it is his will
That we should be drinking still.

2. Do

2. Do but view this Glass of Clarret,
 How invitingly it looks,
 Drink it quickly else you'll marr it,
 Pox take fighting and on books,
 Toss it up, and then you'll prove,
 That drinking's better far than love.

3. Call the Drawer bid him fill it
 Full as ever it can hold,
 O take heed you do not spill it,
 'Tis more precious far than Gold:
 Let us have good store of Wine,
 Hang him then that will repine.
-

A S O N G

1. **I** Wish no more thou should'st love me,
 My joyes are full in loving thee,
 My heart's too narrow to contain
 My blifs if thou should'st love again.

2. Thy scorn may wound me, but my fate
 Leads me to love and thee to hate,
 Yet must I love whil't I have breath,
 For not to love is worse than death.

3. Then

3. Then shall I sue, sue for scorn or grace,
A lingring life or death embrace,
Since one of these I needs must try,
Love me but once and let me dye.

4. Such mercy more thy fame shall raise
Than cruel death can yield thee praise,
It may be counted who so dyes
No murderer but a sacrifice.

A Song with the Answer.

1. **O**ut upon it, I have lov'd
Three whole days together,
And am like to love three more
If it hold fair weather.

2. Time shall moult away his wings
E're he can discover,
In the whole wide world agen
Such a constant Lover.

3. Yet now I think upon? no praise
Can at all be due to me,
Love with me had made no stay
Had it any been but she.

4. Had it any been but she
 And that very, very face,
 There had been e're this, this with me
 A dozen dozen in her place.

The Answer.

1. **S**ay but did you love so long?
 Truth I needs must blame you,
 Passion did your beauty wrong
 And want of Judgment shame you.
2. Truth times fair and witty Daughter
 Quickly did discover,
 You were a subject fit for laughter
 And more fool than Lover.
3. Yet I grant, you meritt praise
 For your constant folly,
 Since you doated three whole days,
 Were you not melancholly?
4. She to whom you were so true,
 And that very very face
 Pass each minute such as you,
 A dozen dozen to disgrace.

The sad Parting, a Song.

O No, no, no, I tell thee no
 Though from thee I must go,
 Yet my heart says not so:
 It swears by *Stella's* eyes
 In whose dalliance surpriz'd,
 And in Loves fetters lies:
 It swears by those *Roses* and *Lilly's* so white,
 And those *Ruby's* so bright,
Ne're to part, ne're to part
From my dear delight.

It swears by that warm snow
 In thy bosom below,
 Where blind Love hides his bow,
 And by those milk-white hands
 That disperse *Cupid's* bands
 And his *Quiver* command's,
 By thy form Divine, and thy pretty nimble feet,
 In Loves wars too too fleet,
Ne're to leave, ne're to leave
Stella bright, Stella sweet.

By our true Love it swears,
 By our hopes, by our fears,
 By these sad parting tears,

And by this melting kiss
 Full of grief, full of blifs,
 And by this kiss, and by this,
 By this last embrace, and this cruel adieu,
 And by high Heavens too
 Ne're to change, ne're to change,
 Stella's love for a new.

The Hunting of the Fox, a Song.

1. **T**O hunt the Fox is an old sport,
 Us'd both in City and in Court:
 Nor are the Academick's free,
 No beast they chase so much as he;
 For when they're out of their studious vein
 They'l sometimes follow, they'l sometimes follow,
 They'l sometimes follow the Foxe's strain.
2. Your Gallant which each hour invents
 Some pretty pleasing complements,
 And thinks no phrase so neat and pure
 As *Vootres-humble Servitoore*,
 Forgets his Mistresses nice disdain,
 By following of the, by following of the,
 By following of the Foxe's strain.

On the burning of the Grammar School at Oxford, the
last fourteen lines being lately added.

V What heat of learning kindled your desire
You *Muſic*'s Son's, to ſet your houſe on fire?
What love of honour in your breſts did burn
Theſe ſparks of virtue into flame to turn?
Or waſt ſome higher cauſe? Were the hot gods
Phœbus and *Vulcan* friends, now are at odds?
And here ſo reve'd; then ne're let the Dolt
Be prais'd for making Arms and Thunderbolt:
Let Poet's Pen's point only his diſgrace,
His clubby foot, horn'd front, and ſooty face.
Where're was cauſe, ſure it was the event
Which all the *Muſes* juſtly may lament:
But above all for Rhimes ſake, *Polibimny*
Bewails the downfal of the learned Chimry:
There might you ſee how without ſpeech or ſence
Lay the ſad aſhes of an *Accidence*,
What number here of *Nouns* to rack did go,
As *Domus*, *Liber*, and a many moe!
No *Caſe* or *Sex*, the furious flame would ſpare,
Each *Gender* in this loſs had equal ſhare:
Here might you ſee the rueful *Declinations*
Of fifteen *Pronouns*, and four *Conjugations*:
Some *Gerunds* *Di*, and ſome *Do*, overcome,
And with the heat and ſmoke was ſtrucken dumb:

Supines lay gasping upward, void of senses,
 The *Moods* grew mad to see *Imperfect tenses*,
Adverbs of place fell from their lofty stories,
 As *ubi, ibi, illic, intus, foris*:
Conjunctions so disjoin'd, as you would wonder,
 No coupling scarce, but it was burnt in sunder:
 The *Prepositions* knew not where to be
 Each *Interjection* cry'd *hei*, woe is me:
 For the due joyning of which things again,
 A neighbour call'd, *Qui mihi* came amain,
 Else sure the fire had into flame so turn'd, (burn'd:
 The *Gods, Men, Months, Rivers, Winds*, and all had
 Then 'gan the flame of *Heteroclites* to cumber
 And poor *Supellex* lost her *Plural number*,
 O *Verbs* there scarce had escap'd one of twenty,
 Had there not been by chance *As in presenti*:
 Yet for all that the fire so great it waxes,
 That it did quite undo my Lord *Syntaxis*:
 Had *Noun* or *Verb* been there, O none cou'd bail ye,
 For it did quite destroy old *Verbum personale*
 Had then *Figura* but appear'd, it would a show'd
 you a
 Burning-trick, for it destroy'd *Profodia*,
 Which is the cause, I fear, as late I see:
 Our Verses run so lamely on their feet
 For *Fambicks, Spunders*, and the rest o'th' crew
 Were utterly destroyed, so had you been too

Had

Part III. Oxford Drollery. 147

Had you been there : but yet our honest *Billy*,
Ne're so much observ'd ye Rules of *William Lilly*
As to be burnt for's sake, but stood aloof off to see
Both *Masculine*, *Feminine*, *Nenter* all i'th' fire to agree.

*To his beautiful Mistress, the last twelve
lines lately added.*

FAir Madam, thee whose every thing
Deserves the Glose-stool of a King :
Whose head is fair as any bone,
White and smooth, as Pumice stone,
Whose natural baldness scorns to wear
The needless excrements of hair,
Whose forehead's streaks, our heart's commands;
Like *Dover* cliffs, or *Goodwin* sands:
Whose eyes are like two buttons set in clay,
Whose face is pastboard, and whose hair is hay,
Whil'st from those dainty Glow-worm eyes,
Cupid shoots plumb-pudding pyes:
And from the arches of her nose
A cream-pot of white Nectar flows:
Most goodly lipps, so white and sleek,
And truly Alabaster cheek:
Pure Saffron teeth, happy the meat
That such pretty millstones eat.

How that chin becomes thee well
 Where always hairy beard shall dwell:
 Thy Corral neck doth stately bow
 As doth my Granams brinded Cow:
 O let me, or I ne're shall rest,
 Suck the black Bottles of thy breast:
 O curious and unfathom'd waste,
 As slender as the stately Mast:
 Thy fingers too breeds my delight
 For each wart seems a Margarite,
 Each night so great my passions be,
 I cannot wake for thought of thee,
 Then let thy Servant mercy find
 To kiss thee once, though't be behind,
 Sweet kiss, sweet lips, delicious sence,
 How great a wind she blows from thence:
 Bless'd Petticoat, most bless'd her Smock,
 Which daily buffeth her buttock:
 For now the Proverb's, true I find,
 That the best part is still behind,
 Her breath it is so sweet and fine,
 No stinking Oyster can be more divine,
 Yet she must have a Husband now poor heart
 And young, though she is old, to play his part
 Shee't have an old Fidler, who after two years space
 Shall slip thy skin off for a Fidle-Case,
 Or to some Carrier that may scratch thy hide,
 Which now with scabs and itch is putrify'd,

O you

149
133
Part III. Oxford Drollery.

O you old glew-pot, hast not yet enough,
Tny tapers out, there's nothing left but smuff,
What are you proud, and must you needs ingender,
Get ye a Baboon, and I pray ye gods send her
A Child like Mother, so good, so true,
That when one looks upon't, 'twou'd make one spew.
You told me once you ne're had will nor motion,
And hast thou now drunk a provoking potion?
Dost think a man of reason e're will poke
In thy damn'd dung-hill, and himself to choke
By kissing thee but once; but if't be twice
I'le warrant him he turns up's heels in a trice?
Leave off you hag, leave off you grunting bear,
And think of somewhat else, or else I swear
I'le tie thee to a stade, and bait to death with dogs
Thy mangy Carcass, and then throw thee to th' hogs;
Where other Epitaph thou sha't have none,
But here lies stinking, pocky, nasty, rotten *Stone*.

The old scalding Wife.

M. **W**ife prethee come nigh me
And sit thee down by me,
For I am best pleas'd Wife
When thou art most nigh me.

W. I scorn to sit by
 Such a block-headed Clown,
 Thou'rt not fit for to touch
 The hem of my Gown:
 For I might have Gentlemen
 Proper and brave,
 I might live like a Lady,
 And not like a slave.

M. Wife prethee be patient
 And be not offended,
 Let me know the cause wife,
 And all shall be mended.

W. I will have a Silk Gown,
 A Mask, and a Fan,
 And not walk abroad
 Without my man,
 And he shall be handsome
 And with a good face
 And not like unto thee
 Which dost me disgrace.

M. Wife prethee be quiet,
 And let it not move thee,
 Thou shal't have as good wife,
 Come kiss me and love me.

Part III. Oxford Drollery.

151

W. I'll have ev'ry morning
brought me up
A well sweetnd Caudle
In a Silver' Cup,
And I'll lye a bed
To take my ease,
And go abroad when
And where as I please.

M. Thou shalt have Horses wife,
A Coach and a man,
To drive for thy pleasure,
Through Cheapside and Strand,
And I will go with thee,
And I will attend thee,
My care shall be such Wife
As none shall offend thee;

W. Thou art a block-head,
An ass, and a fool,
I think thee not fit
To empty my stool:
Thou hast neither courage,
Manners nor wit,
I think thee not worthy
To kiss where I sit.

M. Come huzzy be quiet,
 I'll make you to know
 The duty and service
 Which to me you owe:
 For I am your Husband,
 And also your Head,
 And therefore be you ready
 Both at board and at bed.

W. All this will I do Sir,
 And more if you crave,
 I'll stoop to your shoe Sir
 Your good will to have.

A S O N G.

1. **A**S Willy once assay'd
 To look for a Lamb that was stray'd
 Upon a hill side, a bonny Lass he spy'd
 Of whom he was well appay'd.
2. He resolv'd to court this Minion,
 And was settled in his opinion,
 The timorous clown, thought Phoebe had come
 To meet with her Love Endimion.

3. Her

Part III. Oxford Drollery.

3. Her Cheeks like Roses blowing
Her Lipps like Cherry's growing,
Her eyes were a clear as the Snow upon the Pear,
Or like to a Hedge-worm glowing.
4. He boldly stept unto her,
His eyes shot affection through her,
He cast away cares, and pricked up his ears,
And thus he began to wooe her.
5. All hail, all hail my hony
More dearer than ever was mony,
I'll sell away the Lamb, and I'll give away the Dam
To sup with a Ew so bonny.
6. Of nutts I will give thee plenty,
Of red-sided apples twenty,
My butter I'll ease to make summer cheese,
And my cream makes egg-pies dainty.
7. My Lambs new coat shall bear thee,
No Daglock shall ever come near thee,
The Capons of the town shall cackle without down
For want of a soft bed to bear thee.

8. My

8. My Bag-pipe Musick shall make thee
Every morning with a Song will I wake thee,
And at night I'll not fail to clap thy little tail,
To make thy sad dumps forsake thee.

9. His lips to her's he laid
She never a whit gainsaid,
They joyn'd both their hands, and tied holy bands
Which never till death decay'd.

*The Oxford Scholars going to see the King at
Woodstock.*

Tune, The Horns

1. **T**He King and the Court,
Desirous of sport,
At *Woodstock* six days did lye,
There came the Doctors,
And the Satin-sleev'd Proctors
And the rest of the learned Fry.

2. Some faces did shine
More with ale than with wine
So that each man there thought,
And indeed by their hue,
As it was very true,
They were better fed than taught.

3. A number beside,
With their wenches did ride,
For Scholars you know are kind,
And riding before,
They still evermore
Did kiss their wenches behind.

4. A number on foot,
Not a Cloak, nor a Boot,
And yet to the Court they wou'd go
And all for to show
How far they wou'd go
To do his Majesty good.

5. But a Reverend Dean
With his Band starch'd clean,
Did preach before the King
A Ring I espy'd,
At his Band-string ty'd,
Was not that a pretty thing.

6. The Ring, without doubt,
Was that put him out,
And made him forget what was next,
And all that was there,
Will say, and will swear,
That he handled it more than his text.

A rooking

A rooking Usurer Cheated.

1. **A** Greedy minded griping Clerk
 Had gather'd store of gold,
 And study'd for a place secure
 His hoarded heap to hold :
 At last he cram'd his dress / pelf
 Into an Iron Chest,
 And wrote upon the top of it
 These words, *Hic Deus est.*
 A crafty Sexton seeing it,
 And greedy of the prey,
 Come very secret in the night
 And stole the Gold away,
 And blotting out the Latin words
 Which he had wrote thereon,
 Wrote, *Resurrexit non est hic,*
 Your Gold is risen and gone.

The Frenchmans Arms and Harms.

1. **A** Stranger coming to the Town
 Went to the Flower de Luce,
 A place which seem'd in outward shew
 For honest men to use :

Part III. Oxford Drollery.

157
141

But being there a little while

He met with one so right,
That upon the French Disease

It was his chance to light;

And least that other men should fare

As he did fare before,

As he went out he writ it down

And fix'd it on the Door,

All ye that hither chance to come,

Mark well e're you go in,

The French-mans Arms are the sign without,

But the French-mans harms are within.

The Description of Tiburn.

I've heard sundry men oft-times dispute

Of trees that in one year will twice bear fruit:

But if a man mark *Tiburn*, 'twill appear,

That there's a Tree that bears twelve times a year:

I muse it should so fruitful be, for why?

I understand the root of it is dry:

It bears no leaf, no blossom, nor no bud,

The rain that makes them fructifie is blood:

I further note, the fruit that it produces

Doth seldom serve for profitable uses,

Except

Except the skilful Chirurgeons industry
Does make dissection, or anatomy :
It blossoms, buds, and bears all three together,
And in one hour doth live and die and wither,
Like *Sodom* apples they are in conceit,
For touch'd they turn to dust and ashes strait :
Besides, I find this Tree hath never been,
Like other Fruit-trees, wall'd or hedged in,
But in the high-way standing many a year
It never yet was rob'd as I could hear :
The reason is apparent to our eyes,
That what it bears are dead Commodities :
And yet sometimes such grace to it is given
That dying Fruit is well prepar'd for heaven ;
And many times, a man may gather thence
Remorse, devotion, and true penitence :
And from that Tree, I think more Souls ascend
To that Celestial joy that ne're shall end,
I say more Souls from thence to heaven do come,
Than from all Church-yards throughout Christen-
dom :
The reason is, the Bodies all are dead,
And all the Souls to joy, or woe, are fled,
Perhaps a week, a day, or two, or three,
Before they in the Church-yard buried be ;
But at this Tree in twinkling of an eye,
The Soul and Body part immediately,

There

There the fatal parting blow doth strike,
 And in Church-yards is seldom seen the like:
 Besides, they are assisted with the Alms
 Of peoples charitable Prayers and Psalms,
 Which are the wings that lift the hovering Spirit,
 By Faith, through Grace, true Glory to inherit.
 Concerning this dead Fruit I noted, it
 Instead of paste, 'is put into a pit,
 And though laid up carefully in any place,
 Yet worm-eaten it grows in little space.
 My understanding can by no means frame,
 To give this fruit a fitter name
 Than medlars: for I find that great and small,
 To my capacity, are medlars all:
 Some say they're choak'd Pears, and some again
 Do call 'em Hartichoaks, but 'tis most plain
 'Tis a kind of medlar it doth bear,
 Or else, I think, it never wou'd come there:
 Moreover, where it grows, I find it true
 It often turns the herb of grace to Rue:
 Amongst all pot-herbs growing on the ground,
 Time is the least respected, I have found,
 And most abus'd, and therefore one shall see
 No branch nor bud of it grow near this Tree;
 For 'tis occasion of mans greatest crime
 To turn the use into abuse of time,
 When passions are let loose without a Bridle,
 Then precious time is turn'd to Love and Idle.

And

And that's the chiefeſt reaſon I can ſhow
 Why fruit on *Tiburn* doth ſo often grow.
 There are inferiour Gallowses which bear,
 According to the ſeaſon, twice a year :
 And there's a kind of watriſh Tree at *Wapping*,
 Where Pyrats or Sea-thieves are caught napping :
 But *Tiburn* doth deſerve before them all
 The title and addition Capital,
 O' great and only threefold Gallows of the Land,
 Whiſt it all the reſt like ragged Lacquies ſtand,
 It hath like *Luna* full, and change, and quarters,
 It like a Merchant, monthly trucks and barterſ,
 But all the other Gallowses are fit
 Like Chapmen or poor Pedlars unto it :
 Thus Jails and Jailors being here explain'd,
 How both are good, and for good uſe ordain'd,
 All ſorts of hanging which I could ſurmiſe
 I likewiſe have deſcrib'd before your eyes,
 And further having ſhew'd what *Tiburn* is,
 With many more inferiour Gallowses,
 My pen from paper with this prayer doth part,
 God bleſs all people from their ſins deſert.

On the Weaver and his Wife.

A Weaver being jealous of his wife, like many
Still dream'd of horns, before he e're had any
And for to know whether his dream were true,
Sought more ways out than he had need to do.
The last invention that this Weaver had,
Which he thought very good, prov'd very bad,
He goes to a Fryer, and intreats him fair
To shrive his wife to ease him of his care.

This holy Fryer, that this man might know
Whether his wife were honest, yea or no,
Told him that he himself should be the Fryer
To shrive her himself as he would desire,
He sends him forth his habit and his Hood,
Instructs him his tone, and holy mood,
With actions grave, and presence all divine,
All things provided for this pointed shrine.
He glad of this, to ease his jealous dreads,
Prayes like a Fryer, full often tells his Beads,
And all things fit and ready as was meet,
This holy weaving Fryer thus his wife did greet.

Sister, but first he bends the holy knee,
And makes his prologue *benedicite*,

E

Observe

162 Oxford Drollery. Part III.

Observe the secret Customs, and attend Confession
That in your heart 'may make a great Impression,
'I will cast you down, and raise you up again
To grieve for sin, then ease you of your pain :
Wherefore conceal not from a holy Fryer
One unchast act, or an unchast desire.

Gravely replies this witty wily Woman,
I have done ill, my sins I needs must summon :
My faults and deeds pardon pray good Father,
For a young man oft and I did lye together,
I also with an old man often times have lain,
And with a Fryer too, which breeds my mickle pain.
And is that all? Yes Sir. And doth it grieve you?
Yes in truth doth it. Then I pray God forgive you,
Depart in peace; and thus this silly harted
Grave Fryer-weaver and his Wife departed.

With post and speed he doth himself uncase,
He gets to's Loom, and frets at his disgrace :
His Wife that all this while did swell with laughter,
First sets a modest look, then follows after ;
When home she comes, at every shuttles cast
She hears her Husband sing, his mirth was past,
And as each hand the shuttle did deliver,
A young man, and an old man, cries the Weaver,
And to the Web still pulling home the Comb,
Crys a Fryer too, and so he hits her home.

This

Part III. *Oxford Drollery.* 163

This Wife that demurely all this while
Scarce could speak a word without a smile,
Breaks silence thus, pray Husband what do's mean?
Faith I'm a Cuckhold Wife, and you're a Quean:
And could no less than three serve your desire,
A young man, an old man, and a Fryer?
I'm glad I know, I have a trick will cool ye:
Come come said she, jealousie doth befool ye,
Were you not young, and are you not older grown,
And were not you the Fryer if ail were known,
If I did then confess, and you did thrive me?
I lay with no man else if you'l believe me;
Therefore never more after me inquire,
You were the old man, young man, and the Fryer.

If it be so, then let our strife be done,
I was the Fryer indeed, be thou the Nun;
I'll pardon thee, and what canst thou do less
But pardon me, since I my faults confess.

A Song call'd she went to bed in the dark.

1. **M**Y Lady and her Maid
Were late at course a Park,
The wind blew out the Candle and
She went to bed in the dark.

L 2

2. M

164 Oxford Drollery. Part III;

2. My Lady and her Maid
Being on a merry pin,
They made a match at farting
Who should the wager win.
3. *Jene* took the Candles then
And set them bolt-upright,
With the first fart she blew them out
With the next she gave them light.
4. Up start my Lady then
With all her might and main,
And blew them out, and in and out,
And out and in again.

A Contest between the Court and Country.

1. **Y**OU Courtiers scorn us Country Clowns,
We Country Clowns do scorn the Court,
We can be as merry upon the Downes
As you are at midnight with all your sport.

With a Faddling.

2. You hawk, you hunt, you lie upon pallets,
You eat, and drink, the Lords knows how.
We sit upon hillocks, and pick up our fallers,
And sup up our Sullibubs under a Cow.

With a Faddling.

3. Your

Part III. Oxford Drollery. 165

3. Your Masques are made of Knights and Lords,
And Ladies that are fresh and gay,
We dance with such musick as Bag-pipes afford's,
And trick up our Lasses as well as we may.

With a Fadding.

4. Your Suits are made of Silk and Sattin,
And ours are made of good Sheeps gray,
You mix your discourses with pieces of Latin,
We speak our old English as well as we may.

With a Fadding.

5. Your Rooms are hung with cloath of Arras
Our Meadows are deck'd as fresh as may be,
And from this pastime you never shall bar us,
Since *fine* in the dark is as good as my Lady.

With a fadding.

*On a great Frost 1634. by Mr. Cartwright of
Christ-church.*

SHew me those flames you brag of, you that be
Arm'd with those two fires Wine and Poetry,
You are now benumb'd spight of your god and verse
And do your Metaphors for prayers rehearse,
Whil't you that call Snow Fleece and Feathers, do
Wish for true Fleeces and true Feathers too.
Waters have bound themselves, and cannot run,
Suffering what *Xerxes* fetters would have done,

Our Rivers now are Cristal, shoars are fit
M rrouns, being now not like to glasse but it;
Our Ships stand all as planted, we may swear
They are not born up only but grow there:
Whil't waters thus are pavements, firm as stone,
And without faith are each day walk'd upon,
What parables (call'd folly) heretofore
Were now discreet to build upon the shore:
There's not one dines among us with wash'd hands
Waters are scarcer here than *Africk*-sands:
And we expect it not but from some God
Opening a Fountain, or some Prophets Rod,
Who need not seek out where he may unlock
A stream, what e're he struck would be dry Rock,
When Heaven drops some small showre, our sence
Of grief's increas'd, being but deluded thence,
For whil't we those drops do entertain,
They fall down pearl, which came down half rain:
Greenland's removal, now the poor man fears,
Seeing all water frozen but his tears,
We suffer day continually and the Snow
Doth make our little night become none now,
We hear of some Snow-stal.'s, such as have
That which procur'd their death became their grave,
Bodies that destitute of Souls, yet stood
Dead and not fell, drown'd, and without a Flood,
Nay we who breathe, still are almost as they,
And only may be call'd a softer clay,

Part III. Oxford Drollery.

167

We stand like Statues, as if cast and fit
For life, not having, but expecting it:
Each one's become the Stoicks wise-one hence,
For can you look for passion where's no sence
Which we have not, resolv'd to our first stone,
Unless it be one sence to feel which we have none.
Our very Smiths now work not, nay what's more,
Our Dutchmen write but five hours and give ore:
VVe dare provoke fate, now we know what is
That last cold death, only by suffering this:
All fires are Vestal now, and we as they
Do in our Chimny's keep a lasting day,
Boasting within doors, this domestick Sun
Alored too with our Religion:
VVe laugh at fire Breefs now although they be
Commended to us by his Majesty,
And 'tis no treason, for we cannot ghes
Why we should pay them for their happiness,
Each hand would be as *Scavola's*, let *Rome*
Call that a pleasure henceforth, not a doom
A feavor is become a wish we sit,
And think fal'n-Angels have one benefit.
Nor can the thought be impious, when we see
Weather may give new *Epocha's*, and make
Another (since) in his bold Almanack:
Weather may save his doom, and by his foe
Be thought enough for him to undergo:

VVe

We now think Alabaster true, and look
 Another Trump should Antidate his Book,
 For whil't we suffer this ought we not fear
 The world should not survive to a fourth year?
 And since we may conclude weak nature old
 And crazed now, being she's grown cold,
 But Frosts not all our grief, we that so sore
 Suffer it's stay, fear it's departure more;
 For when that leaves us which so long hath stood,
 'Twill make a new account from the second flood.

On the dissolution of the Great Frost by Dr. Diggs.

WHat must our eyes melt too? waters oppress
 And can they by a new supply fall less?
 Can floods be wash'd away? or may we dry
 The Channel up with fresh show'rs from the eye?
 What comfort is in sorrow? What relief
 From that which doth enlarge our cause of grief?
 Bind up the eyes soft influence, for fear
 You do increase these waters with a tear:
 How could I wish the Frost's return again?
 That punishment was precious, when rain
 Fell down into a solid Pearl, when we
 Were made the richer by our misery,
 Each drop of silent dew was cloath'd with Fleece
 Of softer Silver, wealth unknown to Greece:

Did

Did not the fields of late more lovely show
Whil' it they did pennance in white Sheets of snow
The waters which do move above the Spheres
(Whose murmurs pass for Musick in some ears,
To enrich earth's humble valley) did combine
And hence our Orb too, then was Cristalline:
The wet we suffer'd did some pleasure bring,
Midwinter did afford a standing Spring;
The lazy waters crept along so slow,
They seem'd not only glaz'd but leaded too:
Was't not a pleasing pastime to behold
The *Swans* (with their own snow arm'd against cold)
Wanton on Ice, the streams forget to glide,
And they to swim too, and begin to slide:
Had *Hellepont* been such a solid plain,
It had not blush'd so with the guilty stain
Of drown'd *Leander*: *Hero* had not lost
His warm embraces, had they had our frost,
But that's now perish'd: and the unlock'd stream
At once flows in my pen, and is my Theam;
His course no longer Silver fetters bears,
All it's white Marble is wept out to tears:
Let *Cleopatra* boast the costly shame
Of the fam'd Liquor which it wants a name,
The miracle's now frequent, every street
Hath Pearl dissolv'd, we drink them with our feet.
The former Deluge strongly was express'd
VVhen Fish on tops of Trees were said to rest,

And float on mountains, but that's now a wish
 VVaters are plenty, but we see no fish,
 Of late unwashen they sate down to meat
 But were wash'd all day yet nothing eat :
 It was commanded on the waters cast
 Thy bread : 'twere madness so our corn to wast,
 VVhat harvest can he hope that drowns his grain ?
 They surely reap in tears that sow in rain.
 The Mead's are lost in Rivers, all the grass
 Is become weeds, the plow'd Lands fluid glass :
 But why so booted ? You can only float
 Then sell your Horses off, and keep a Boar,
 Unless you'll be confined to the Arks
 Of your own houses, as to fixed Birks :
 To walk i'th' streets is a Sea-voyage, stones
 Prove watry Rocks now, nay those purer ones
 Travel not to a Lecture, (without doubt)
 They fear their holy fires would be put out.
 How have we sin'd that waters should be sent (ment ?
 (Those which should cleanse our guilt) for punish-
 Do not a softer title better fit ?
 Ought we not rather to interpret it
 A favour of kind Heaven ? for I dare say
 The Burges now may come the Carriers way.

On King James's Death.

C An Christendom's great Champion sink away
 So silently into a Bed of Clay ?

Can

Part III. Oxford Drollery!

171

Can such a Monarch die and yet not have
Some Earthquake, for to open him a Grave ?
Did there no Meteor fright this Universe ?
No Commet light a Torch unto his hearse ?
VVas there no clap of Thunder to foretell
All Christendom their loss, and ring his knell ?
Impartial fate, I see that Princes then
Though they live Gods, they die like other men,
And the same passing-bell shall ring for them,
That rung but now the beggers requiem :
VWhen such a Soul is from the earth bereaven,
Methinks there should be Triumphs made in heaven,
The stars should run a Tilt at his decease,
To welcome him into the place of peace,
VWho lov'd peace whil't he liv'd, and did strive
Dying in peace to keep it still alive :
No VVidow's curses, nor no Orphan's crys,
Shall interrupt thy hallowed Obsequies,
Their Husbands slain, nor their Fathers lost
In bloody wars, shall wake thy peaceful Ghost :
Let thy great Predecessors boast the prize
Of glorious, but yet bloody, Victories,
Let them upon their Sepulchres expose
Triumphs of war, and spoils of forrein foes,
And glory that they turn'd their harvest field
Into a pitch'd, their plow-shares to a shield :
So that in bloody furrows there were born,
As many blades of steel as now of Corn :

123 Oxford Drollery. Part III.

Yet shall thy praise be greater, though thy joy
 Was to plant Nations rather than destroy ;
 Although no martial Trophy's speak thy praise,
 And though no drops of blood stain thy Bayes :
 Yet thy sure truth their greater fame controls,
 They subdu'd Bodies, but thou conquer'st Souls :
 Truth was thy Banner, the thrice sacred word
 Thy Target, and thy Pen a two-edg'd Sword,
 Wherewith thou did'st resist and overcome
 The Heresies of Antichrist and Rome :
 But whom the Spanish craft, Rome's Cannon shot
 False Gowry's Treason, Catesby's Powder-plot
 Could not destroy : (for Heavens did him save)
 A Fever now hath melted to his Grave ;
 For being mortal, Fates could not invent
 His passage by a Nobler Instrument,
 Than his own blood, which made him comprehend
 Within himself the glory of his end,
 Much like a Circle : So rich Diamonds must
 Be cut by nothing but a Diamonds dust ;
 Thus is our Sun for ever to return,
 Pay Tribute to his ever glorious Urn
 All peaceful Souls, and with due reverence
 Pay unto him your last benevolence
 Of sighs and groans, then turn you from the west
 And see the new Sun rising in the east.

7 II 69
 F I N I S.

